

George Edward Baker.





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THE BOOK OF THE THAMES.

THE
BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM

Its Rise to its Fall.

BY

MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

“ Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full.”

DENHAM.

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INTRODUCTION.



N this book we have traced the "King of Island Rivers" from the bubbling well out of which it issues, in the meadow by Trewsbury Mead—its lonely birthplace—through its whole course, gathering tributaries, and passing with them through tranquil villages, populous towns, and crowded cities; ever fertilising, ever beautifying, ever enriching, until it reaches the most populous city of the modern or the ancient world, forming thence the GREAT HIGHWAY by which a hundred Nations traverse the globe.*

Our object will not be answered if we fail to show that, although in landscape beauty it may be inferior to other British rivers, its graces and its grandeur less, the Thames has attractions of its own which place it high above all competitors; while it is by no means poor in natural gifts—of hill and dale, of wood and plain, of all that makes free Nature a perpetual charm, a never-ending delight. Aided by several accomplished artists, we have largely illustrated this volume, not only by engravings of its picturesque scenery, but by introducing the various objects of interest that are found upon its banks.

It is a pleasant task, and brings with it a large reward—that which has for its aim and end to make manifest the advantages that recompense a HOME TOUR. Any author, no matter how humble, who writes

* The book originally appeared in the pages of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

of England, may show how manifold are its means to create enjoyment, to convey instruction, and to augment a rational pride of country—the instinctive patriotism that may exist without contracting the heart or narrowing the mind.

We shall be, indeed, repaid largely if we are the means of inducing travels AT HOME—to natural beauties, surely not less delightful because of comparatively easy access—to scenes that are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants—to places, such as the banks of the river Thames, where every step is a reminder that we live in a free land, under the sway of a SOVEREIGN to whom every subject of every degree, while rendering obedience as a sacred duty, offers the homage of the heart.

S. C. H.

A. M. H.

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THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.



HE Thames is “the King of Island Rivers;” if deficient in the grander features of landscape, it is rich in pictorial beauty; its associations are closely linked with heroic men and glorious achievements; its antiquities are of the rarest and most instructive order; its natural productions of the highest interest; it wanders through fertile meads and beside pleasant banks, gathering strength from a thousand tributaries; on either side are remains of ancient grandeur, homely villages, retired cottages, palatial dwellings,

and populous cities and towns; boats and barges, and the sea-craft of a hundred nations, indicate and enhance its wealth; numerous locks and bridges facilitate its navigation, and promote the traffic that gives it fame. Its history is that of England: the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, in turn made it their “seat of war,” or, settling upon its banks, sought the repose of peace and the blessings of agriculture and commerce. In all the civil contests of centuries it obtained melancholy renown: the intrenched camp, the castle, the baronial hall, the mansion, the villa, occupied adjacent steeps,

commanded fords, or adorned its sides, as harmony took the place of discord, and tranquillity succeeded strife. There is scarcely a mile of its borders which may not give birth to some happy thought in association with the past: abbeys, monasteries, and churches exhibit their remains, or “rear the tall spire,” consecrated by use and age; the better parts of their structures having endured with the purer portions of the ancient faith. Sites and memorials of famous battles—king with baron, lord with serf, ancient owners of the soil with its invaders, those who warred for despotism or fought for liberty, for feudal rights or freedom; the cromlech of the Briton, the tumulus of the Roman, the barrow of the Saxon, the sculptured tomb of the knight, and the simple monument of the gentleman;—these are to be found, in numbers, on its banks. The names of very many of the great men of England—who “penned” or “uttered wisdom”—are nearly or remotely connected with this river: in its “fields beloved” their “careless childhood stray’d;” in its city of colleges, “for meditation apt,” their youth gathered strength for the strife of manhood. To its banks full often came the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, and the poet, “after life’s fitful fever,” to seek that rest from labour which is labour’s best recompence—to enjoy alike

“The solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.”

Flowing through rich alluvial soil, that is never sterile, during the whole of its course it meets not an acre of unmanageable bog, and hardly a square yard that does not produce pasture or foliage, except where it refreshes and prospers active villages, busy towns, or crowded cities—venerable Oxford, regal Windsor, “mighty London,” and a hundred places, wealthy and famous. It would be indeed impossible to over-estimate the value of the Thames to the British capital. It is said that when one of our sovereigns, angry with the chief magistrate of the Metropolis, threatened to ruin it by removing the Court, he received the memorable answer, “But your Majesty cannot remove the Thames!”

It will require no very great stretch of imagination to pass from the little streamlet in Trewsbury Mead to “the Pool” below the Tower.

The river, born in a sequestered nook, grows and gathers strength until it bears on its bosom “a forest of masts;” enriches the greatest and most populous city of any age; ministers to the wants and luxuries of nearly three millions of people—there alone; becomes the mainstay of commerce, and the missionary of civilisation to mankind, carrying innumerable blessings throughout the Old World and the New; yet ever the active auxiliary, and never the dangerous ally—keeping from its birth to its close the character so happily conveyed by the famous lines of the poet :—

“Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.”

Few, therefore, are the poets of England who have no word for “Old Father Thames!” Even its minor enjoyments have been fertile themes for the muse; and numerous are they who laud the “gentle craft” of the angler, whose “idle time is never idly spent” beside the river which, above all others, invites to contemplation, and promotes familiar intercourse with Nature. Here, too, the botanist and the entomologist gather a rich harvest of instruction; while to the landscape painter, wander where he will, it is ever an open volume of natural beauties, which are the only veritable teachers of art.

To this River—the King of Island Rivers—we dedicate this Book.

Before we ask the reader to accompany us on our Tour, we require him to pause awhile, and consider two essential points—its source, and the name under which it is rightly to be recognised and known.

Both are in dispute. The Churn, which rises at “Seven Springs,” about three miles from Cheltenham, and joins the Thames at Cirencester, is sometimes described as the source of the great river. Generally speaking, the source of a river is the spring farthest from its mouth; and the head of the Churn is farther from the Nore than Thames Head by perhaps fifteen miles. But old writers, old maps, and old documents, unite in representing “Thames Head,” near Cirencester, as the head of the river Thames.

With respect to the name, it is derived directly from that by which it was known in the time of Julius Cæsar, *Tameses*, which, as well as its

Anglo-Saxon representative, *Temese*, is sufficiently near the modern *Thames* to be considered as identical with it.

The field in which the Thames rises is called Trewsbury Mead, and adjoins a Roman encampment that has long borne, and still bears, the name of Trewsbury Castle ; this “castle” is a large mound, now covered by trees, the Severn and Thames Canal separating it from a fountain that, born in this secluded spot, becomes the great river that “both plants and waters Britain.” The birthplace of the Thames is in the parish of Cotes, in Gloucestershire, but close to the borders of Wiltshire, into which it soon passes. The district is usually described as “at the foot of the Cotswold hills ;” but these hills are nowhere seen from the dell, and are, indeed, several miles distant.

The ancient Roman way — called Aceman or Akeman Street — crosses the country within half a mile of the source, and connects Cirencester with Bath. The source is about three miles south-west of Cirencester—a famous city in old times, and still a town of some importance.

But the spot to which we direct the more immediate attention of our readers—Trewsbury Castle—a tree-covered mound, at the foot of which is the cradle of the Thames—retains nothing to indicate its long-ago importance; in the silence and solitude of the place, and looking across the valley towards the great city of which this was an outpost, we recalled the lines of the poet—

“I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain’s pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore,
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in my own ashes, as ye see.”

The true source is a well, which, when Boydell published his History, in 1794, was “enclosed within a circular wall of stone, raised about eight feet from the surface of the meadow ;” the stones have fallen, the well is now filled in ; it was with difficulty we could ascertain that it contained water—that water being in the sunny month of June many feet below the surface ; but in winter it rises, forces itself through all impediments,

ascends in thick jets, and overflows the valley, making its way to greet those earlier tributaries that await its coming to mingle with it and journey to the sea—"most loved of all the ocean's sons." "THAMES HEAD" is therefore pictured, in the accompanying engraving, merely as a heap of stones, overshadowed by trees of no great size.

Poetry and prose have laboured from age to age to describe the pictorial beauty and the moral power of what may be termed the "church-landscape" of England; yet no description can adequately



THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

convey an idea of its "pleasantness," or of its elevating influence over a "people." The first sight of the spire of his native village after years, long years of wandering, has shaken many a high and firm heart; and tears of repentance, and hope, and good resolves, have been often called

forth from comparatively hardened sinners by a sound of the church-bell—first heard in the days of innocence and youth. There can be no loneliness, even in imagination, equal to that which the poet pictures in “Juan Fernandez” :—

“ But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd.”

In foreign countries, the richly-elaborated cathedral in the great square commands our admiration ; but what can we say of the meagre-looking church, with its few trees, its rampant weeds, its neglected graveyard, its dreary interior, its dismal pictures and painted effigies, making sometimes a feature in the scenery—but how rarely, as with us, being the sentiment, the centre, the crown and beauty of a whole ? Whatever may be our feelings on certain points—with which this, our chronicle of the royal English river, has happily nothing whatever to do—we cannot withhold our tribute of gratitude to the spirit that has rightly restored and fitly adorned so many of our parish churches, whether in the crowded city, in the village, or amid the genial solitudes of our country.

Standing beside the cradle of mighty Thames, and looking forth upon a landscape wealthy in the gifts of tranquillity and hope, and in the varied beauty of sunshine and shade, there rises the tower of the village-church—the CHURCH OF COATES. Solemn and yet pleasing associations crowd upon us; for centuries it has been the beacon to thousands whose graves are at its base,—they may not have been “village Hampdens,” but they have fulfilled the mission allotted to them by Providence, and sleep—these

“Rude forefathers of the hamlet”—

beside the homes in which they lived, and under the shadow of the church in which they prayed. What scenes of love and life, of joy and sorrow, have alternated here—come and gone!—as time ceaselessly passed onward ! Generations after generations have seen the soft cheeks of youth wither into the wrinkles of age, and the step so light and

elastic over moss and harebell, become slow and heavy, then feeble and uncertain, tottering at last from the supporting crutch into the quiet grave! Surely are those village spires the lights of our land: come and gone! come and gone! are all around; yet ever enduring, ever inviting,



THE CHURCH AND VILLAGE OF COTES.

ever rewarding, they continue. Age after age passes, their peaceful bells are heard above the “crash of empires;” while fears of change alarm the world, “perplexing monarchs,” they discharge their mighty yet simple task—

“Invite to heaven, and point the way.”

Half a mile farther, perhaps, and the burns begin to gather into a common channel, little trickling rills, clear as crystal, rippling by hedge-sides, making their way among sedges, the water-plants appear, and the Thames assumes the aspect of a perennial stream: so it runs on its course, and brings us to the village of Kemble, which occupies a hillock about half a mile from the bank; its church-spire, forming a charming feature in the landscape, standing on a gentle acclivity, and rising above a bower of trees;—the railroad is previously encountered, the river flowing underneath.

Pursuing our walk by the river-bank, we reach the FIRST BRIDGE which crosses the Thames—all previous passages having been made by stepping-stones, laid across in winter and removed in summer. This Bridge, which leads from the village of Kemble to that of Ewen, is level with the road, the river flowing through three narrow arches; it is without parapet. Hence, along the banks for a considerable distance,



THE FIRST BRIDGE ON THE THAMES.

there is no foot-path of any kind; the traveller who would explore its course must cross hedges and ditches, and avoid the main road to Ewen—an assemblage of cottages and farm-houses.

As we have pictured the first bridge that crosses our glorious river, we may picture also the first of the many water-mills that derive from it the “power” to minister to the needs of humanity.

Soon we reach the village of Asheton Keynes. The river here obtains a picturesque character by being arched over in numerous instances, forming footways to the various pretty cottages that skirt its bank. The church is old, but by no means picturesque—the interior being thoroughly modernised, and thus forming a contrast to the CHURCH OF SOMERFORD KEYNES. There are in this village the sockets of three ancient crosses.

Thence our path lay to Waterhay Bridge, and then across several sloping fields laden with corn, from the elevations of which, above the river, are obtained many fine views;—and so we enter the ancient market town of Cricklade, in Wiltshire. It presents no feature of interest, except that at the bridge—a new bridge outside the town—the rivers Churn and Ray meet, and mingle their waters with the Thames. Its



THE FIRST MILL ON THE THAMES.

church-tower is, however, a “landmark” for many miles round. It was a famous town in old times, and is said to have been inhabited by learned monks, from whom it derived its name of *Greeklade*, corrupted into *Creeklade*—another fanciful invention of the poets; and Drayton,

following ancient historians, makes this town the predecessor of Oxford, where—

“To Great Britain first the sacred Muses sung.”

The town of Cricklade is about ten miles from the source of the Thames. “Thames Head,” though in the county of Gloucester, is so near to its southern border that the river, after meandering a mile or two, enters Wiltshire—the village of Kemble being in that county: and it is in Wiltshire the great river first assumes the character of a perennial



THE CHURCH, SOMERFORD KEYNES.

stream—for the meadows between that village and the source are, as we have intimated, usually dry during summer months; soon, however, the river re-enters its native county, which it continues to fertilise during many an after mile of busy toil and tranquil beauty.

Having rested awhile at Cricklade, we pursue the river on its course, and arrive at Eisey Bridge. At this bridge the traveller will pause awhile to examine the church, which, standing on a gentle acclivity, overlooks the stream, that here assumes a bolder aspect, and is navigable at all seasons for boats of small draught. A mile or two farther along its

banks, and we reach Castle Eaton—a village now, but once a place of size and strength; “the grete ruines of the Lord Zouche’s castelle” exist no more; but, here and there, some venerable walls bear records of “hoar antiquitie.”

Again the river flows onward—again waters flat, but fertile, fields—again affords a rich supply of water-plants, but undergoes no change of character; yielding no food for thought until re-entering Gloucestershire, the county of its birth, it passes under the beautiful church, and



THE CHURCH AT KEMPSFORD: AND THE GUNNER'S ROOM.

washes the foundations of Kempsford—a palace of the Plantagenets long ago. Of this there are some interesting remains, but of the dwelling of their Saxon predecessors there exists only a vague tradition, confirmed, however, now and then, by evidence gathered from adjacent earth-mounds.

The church is a noble structure, remarkable for the grand windows which light the junction of nave and chancel, and above which rises the tower. It was chiefly erected in the fourteenth century, at the expense of Henry Duke of Lancaster, whose arms, and those of other noble families, are conspicuously displayed amid the spandrels within. There are many fragments of fine painted glass in the windows, one of the most perfect delineating St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read. There is also a characteristic altar-tomb of a priest in the chancel, upon which is sculptured the Rood, and the Virgin in glory; but they have been grievously injured by the hands of iconoclasts. The floor is remarkable for its early English tiles, and the roof for its timber-work. The porch is early English, forming a framework for the earlier Norman door within it.

The vicar's garden, adjoining, was originally known as the Provost's Garden (probably the garden of the provost-marshal), and, until the year 1800, the road went to the ford across it. The level field on the opposite side is still known as "the Butts,"* and marks the site of the ground appropriated to the military exercises of the soldiery who once garrisoned the castle. "The Butts" were mounds of earth, marked with a ring like a target, and were used in practising archery. A strong arrow with a broad feather was necessary to be used; such bows and arrows as gave "immortal fame" to the archers of the English army at Crecy and Poictiers.

Of the castle itself but a few fragmentary walls remain, and a portion

* Butts or "dead marks," as they were sometimes called, were embankments of earth having marks, or "bull's eyes," upon the flat face, for practising soldiers in archery. They were in constant use in the middle ages, and erected near great towns, or where soldiers were stationed—hence the constant occurrence of the term "Butts," appended to names of streets and places near old cities. One of the most ancient pictures of the exercise is copied on a reduced scale in our woodcut. The original is a drawing in the famous psalter executed for Sir Geoffrey Louterell, who died in 1345. It exhibits an archer aiming at the butts, his arrow drawn to the head; several others



are stuck in his girdle. His companion points triumphantly to an arrow fixed in the bull's-eye, and awaits the prowess of his companion previous to trying again, for which purpose he already holds his bow and arrow.

of a tower, which is traditionally known as “the Gunner’s Room.” The windows command the river, and the embrasures defend the castle at an exposed angle, which seems to have received an additional amount of attention from the architect. The walls are very massive, and now afford abundant room for wild plants and bushes, overshadowed by patrician trees. We may almost imagine we are in the gloomy room of him who guarded the approaches in days long past, when security depended more upon stone walls than on “even-handed” justice. A horse-shoe nailed to the church-door continues to sustain the legend that when Henry Duke of Lancaster was quitting it for ever, his steed cast a shoe, which the villagers retained as a memorial, and placed where it is found to-day.

A few miles farther, but with little to detain the traveller,—unless he linger awhile at Hannington Bridge, and hence obtain a view of the distant church of Highworth,—and we approach Lechlade; but, within a mile or so of the town, we pause at a place of much interest; for here the Coln contributes its waters to the Thames, and here terminates that gigantic undertaking—the canal which unites the Severn with the Thames, and which, when steam was thought to be a day-dream of insanity, poured the wealth of many rich districts into the channel that carried it through London to the world.

The Coln—a river which the angler loves, for its yield of trout is abundant—rises near Withington, in Gloucestershire, and, passing by Foss Bridge, Bibury, Coln St. Aldwin, and Fairford—a town rendered famous by the painted windows in its church—runs its course of twenty-three miles, and finishes by joining the Thames. The nearest village, that of Inglesham, has a very ancient church, small and rude in character, and strangely isolated in position, being at a considerable distance from any cluster of houses.

The Thames and Severn Canal was commenced in 1782, and opened in 1789; but so far back as the time of Charles II., the scheme of thus uniting the two great rivers of England had been entertained; and Pope mentions that to effect this object was a cherished thought of Lord Bathurst, “when he had finer dreams than ordinary.”

We now arrive at that point in the Thames where it becomes navigable for boats of burthen; the canal conveys in barges, each from thirty to sixty tons, the produce of the four quarters of the globe into several parts of England; the port of Bristol is thus united with that of London; other canals are combined with this: and so an internal communication was formed, the value of which may be readily estimated before the introduction of steam. But the railways have placed this mode of traffic almost in abeyance,—the canals are comparatively idle, and ere long, perhaps, will be altogether deserted. The passage of a boat through the lock is now an event of rare occurrence: it is seldom opened more than once or twice in a week. Greater speed is obtained by the railway, of course, but the chief impediment arises from the cost incurred in passing through the locks and weirs along the Thames.

The towing-paths between Lechlade and Oxford, in consequence of the causes we have observed upon, are so little disturbed as to be scarcely perceptible: they are for the most part so “grass-o’ergrown” as to be distinguished from the meadow only after a careful search. Indeed, all along the Thames bank to Lechlade, and much lower, almost until we approach Oxford, there is everywhere a singular and impressive solitude: of traffic there is little or none; the fields are almost exclusively pasture-land; the villages are usually distant; of gentlemen’s seats, there are few, and these are generally afar off; the mills are principally situated on “back-water;” and but for the pleasant cottages, nearly all of which are peasant hostellries, which, in their immediate relation to the locks and weirs, necessarily stand on the river-bank, with now and then a ferry-house, the whole of the landscape for nearly forty miles from the river-source would seem as completely denuded of population as an Africian desert.

We are now at Lechlade, where the Thames is a navigable river, and a sense of loneliness in some degree ceases;—effectually so, as far as Lechlade is concerned, for, as the reader will perceive, its aspect is an antidote to gloom. Lechlade is a very ancient town. It derives its name from a small river that joins the Thames about a mile below its bridge. The Lech is little more than a streamlet, rising in the parish

of Hampnot, in the Cotswold district, and passing by Northleach and Eastleach. The proofs of its antiquity are now limited to its fair and interesting church, dedicated to St. Laurence. It is very plain within, but stately-looking. It contains no old monuments, with the exception of a brass of a gentleman and lady of the time of Henry VI.,



LECHLADE BRIDGE AND CHURCH.

and another of a man of the time of Henry VII. Close to the north porch is an interesting relic of the olden time—"a penance stone," on which formerly offenders against the discipline of the Church stood enshrouded in a white sheet to do penance. The spire is a pleasant landmark all about. It is now, as it was when Leland wrote, two hundred years ago, "a praty old toune," where those who love quiet may be happy.

A mile from the town—much less to the pedestrian—another and much older bridge is reached—St. John's Bridge, beside which is "The Angler's Inn;" and here "a hop, step, and jump" will lead from Gloucester into Berkshire, and from Berkshire into Oxfordshire. But

bridges are now becoming numerous. It is here we first meet a point of greater interest—the FIRST LOCK ON THE THAMES. It is rude enough to be picturesque. This lock occurs, however, in a back-water, or rather an artificial cut, the main branch of the river flowing through the arches of St. John's Bridge, and passing the village of Buscot, where is found the first example of the lock and weir in combination. Buscot has a very plain old church, with no other feature to notice but a Norman chancel arch. The vicarage is a large mansion of the time of William III., and the garden has cut trees and fir bowers in the semi-Dutch taste of that era. We continue our voyage to the pretty villages of Kelmscott and Eaton Hastings, and continue still by the river-side, by green meadows, which, in their solitude, seem to progress unaided by the



THE FIRST LOCK ON THE THAMES.

art of man. At Buscot “the river quits the open meads for a more secluded progress, and, having been from Inglesham a boundary of Berkshire, it now leaves for ever its native Gloucestershire, and begins to mark the limits of the county of Oxford.” Our next point of interest is a venerable relic of antiquity—RADCOT BRIDGE. This bridge, built entirely of stone, is one of the oldest on the Thames, bearing unmistakable marks of early construction.

The towing-path, which keeps on the Gloucestershire side to Radcot

Bridge, now crosses the bridge to the Berkshire side of the stream, which here divides, and forms an island.

At Radcot Bridge the tourist has a view on the right of Faringdon Hill, and on the left of Bampton Church spire; either place may lure him awhile from the river bank—each being distant between one and



RADCOT BRIDGE.

two miles. The wood-crowned heights above Faringdon have, indeed, been pleasantly in our sight for a long time along our course. Faringdon is well entitled to a pilgrimage; although the house is gone which so bravely withstood the army of Cromwell, when the assailants were led to the attack by the owner of the mansion himself—Sir Robert Pye, who had married a daughter of the patriot, John Hampden. Of a far older castle, which “the favourers of Empress Matilda erected, and King Stephen pull’d down,” there remains nothing but tradition.

Bampton, in Oxfordshire, on the left bank of the river, but distant about a mile, is a pretty village town, remarkable for its interesting church, which has the singular peculiarity that it has three rectors, who are all presented by the church of Exeter—“to which certain lands were given by Leofrie, chaplain to Edward the Confessor, and first bishop of the see, about the year 1046.”

At Radcot Bridge the Thames is divided—a circumstance of frequent occurrence in the course of the river—a new cut and a “short cut” having been made to facilitate navigation—thus also deepening the channel. The tourist will take the old stream,—which passes under three venerable arches,—although it is considerably choked up with weeds, and closely overhung with branches of the water-willow.

Our course may be rapid between Radcot Bridge and New Bridge, although the distance is some ten miles; for there is no village along its banks, but one small bridge—Tadpole Bridge—and but one ferry. There are, however, several weirs that act as pathways for foot-passengers; and these weirs break the monotony of the river, afford “rests” to the voyager, and add materially to the picturesque of the scenery—nearly all of them being old and somewhat dilapidated. These are Old Man’s weir, Old Nan’s weir, Rushy weir, Kent’s weir, Ten-foot weir, and Shefford weir: they occur during the first half of the voyage, Rushy weir being the only one that has the adjunct of a lock. A stone’s throw from the river, a small cluster of houses, scarcely to be called a village, points out the site of ancient Siford, or Shefford; yet, on this lonely and isolated spot, now apparently far removed from human intercourse, the great Alfred held one of his earliest Parliaments.

Arrived at NEW BRIDGE, we again pause awhile to look around us—to ponder and reflect. The neighbourhood is unchanged since Leland described it as “lying in low meadows, often overflowed by rage of rain;” a small inn stands on the Berkshire side, and a busy mill on that of Oxfordshire; in the time of the venerable historian, there was here “a fayre mylle a prow lengthe of;” and it is probable a hostel also entertained the wayfarer. Age has preserved only the bridge, which was “new” six centuries ago, and is now, we believe, the oldest of all that span the river. A short distance below, the Windrush contributes its waters to the Thames,—one of the prettiest and most pleasant of English rivers; it rises among the hills of Cotswold, near Guiting, and, passing through Burton-on-the-Water, Burford, Minster-Lovel, Witney (so long and still famous for its blankets), fertilises and flourishes rich vales, quiet villages, and prosperous towns; having done its duty, and

received grateful homage on its way, it is lost for ever—absorbed into the bosom of the great father.

Again the locks and weirs pleasantly and profitably bar our progress



NEW BRIDGE.

—the principal of these are Langley's weir and the Ark weir—until we reach the ferry, which continues the road between the village of Cumnor and that of Stanton Harcourt—the former in Berkshire, the latter in Oxfordshire—each being distant about two miles from the river-side, and very happily situated.

Sometimes the weir is associated with the lock ; but, generally, far up the river, where the stream is neither broad nor deep, the weir stands alone. The weirs are artificial dams, or banks, carried across the river in order to pen up the water to a certain height, for the services of the mill, the fishery, and the navigation. A large range of framework rises from the bed of the river ; this supports a number of flood-gates sliding in grooves, and connected with a sill in the bottom.

The weir is ever picturesque, for the water is always forcing its way through or over it—sometimes in a huge sheet, forming a striking cascade, at other times dribbling through with a not unpleasing melody.

There is usually a cottage close beside the weir, for the accommodation of the weir-keeper; generally this is a public-house, where travellers are



HART'S WEIR.

"entertained," pleasantly diversifying the scenery, and not the less so because often rugged and old.

The tourist, to visit either Cumnor or Stanton Harcourt, must moor his boat at the very pretty ferry of Bablock Hithe. He will turn to the right on his way to Cumnor, and to the left on his road to Stanton Harcourt; the latter, especially, will amply recompense him for an hour's delay in the progress of his voyage. Cumnor has been made famous by the novel of "Kenilworth," the scene of which is here principally laid; but neither history nor tradition do more than supply a few dry bones, to which the great magician gave life. A few vestiges only indicate the site of Cumnor Place; the "haunted towers" are down; a "Black Bear" still exists: and it is not likely that Cumnor will ever be without a village hostelry so named. In the church is the tomb of Anthony Forster, who has been condemned to an unenviable notoriety by Scott, but is lauded in his epitaph as a man of honour and integrity. The tomb

is an altar tomb within the chancel railing, and has a highly enriched canopy. A brass is inserted with figures of Anthony and his family.

Stanton Harcourt, the old seat of one of the most ancient and honourable families of the kingdom,—a family with much to dignify and less to discredit it than perhaps any other of which England boasts,—is but a relic of its former magnificence ; but that relic suffices to indicate its early grandeur, and retains much that cannot fail to create deep and absorbing interest. The Harcourts have possessed this manor of Stanton for more than six hundred years ; the original grant was from Henry I., to “ Milicent, the kinswoman of the Queen,” whose daughter Isabel, marrying Roland de Harcourt, the deed of gift was confirmed by the kings Stephen and the second Henry. It ceased to be their dwelling in 1788, and fell gradually to decay, until, in 1770, it was taken down—all except the porter’s lodge, now the residence of the rector, the “kitchen,” and one of the towers—the tower some time the residence of the poet Alexander Pope, and where (as he has himself recorded) he translated the fifth book of Homer. On the ground floor of this tower is a private chapel, the walls still bearing indications of painted story ; the small room on the second floor, to which ascent is gained by a narrow stone staircase, is called, and will ever be called, “Pope’s study ;” it commands a fine view, and must have given to the poet that happiest of all enjoyments—quiet in the country. On a pane of glass in one of the windows he wrote an inscription, recording the fact and date that here he “finished the fifth book of Homer.”*

The church is a fine and very interesting structure : much of it is of Norman architecture : it is among the most beautiful of the many beau-

* This pane has been removed to Nuneham Courteney, the seat the Harcourts now occupy, a few miles below Oxford, and which we shall visit on our voyage from that city down the Thames. The pane measures about six inches by two ; it is of red stained glass. We append a copy of the inscription, taken from “Ireland’s Picturesque Views,” and which we compared with the original, courteously shown to us by Mr. Granville Harcourt. Of the authenticity of this rare and curious relic there can be no doubt.

In the year 1718
ALEXANDER POPE
finished here the
Fifth Volume of HOMER

tiful churches of Oxfordshire. Through one of the doors the men have entrance, while the women enter by another, in accordance with “a custom established there from time immemorial.” The decorations of the interior are of very early date: the oak wood-screen being considered the oldest, of wood, in England. A small chapel contains the dust of many of the Hareourts—a race honoured and esteemed, always and without exception, from the founder of the family to its present representative. It is surely something to be a gentleman of six hundred years!

In the immediate neighbourhood of Stanton Hareourt are two large stones, popularly known as “the Devil’s Quoits:” all earlier writers mention three; there are now but two, and these are distant nearly a quarter of a mile from each other. They are said to commemorate a battle fought at Bampton, between the British and the Saxons, A.D. 614; but this is little more than a village tradition; they are most probably ancient boundary stones.



BABLOCK HITHE FERRY.

We rejoin the Thames at the FERRY OF BABLOCK HITHE: it is a horse-ferry, as will be observed by the appended engraving. The river is

narrow here, and for some distance, above and below, it passes by the sides of low meadows—famous pasture land for cattle, though occasionally under water in winter, and when there have been heavy and continuous falls of rain. We keep in view, as we descend the stream, the pleasant hills—those of Witham—which environ Oxford, distant about five miles; but the distance is doubled to those who make “the voyage” in boats—so continually does the river “wind.”

From Bablock Hithe we encounter no object of interest (excepting the broad reach, and the quaint old “public” at Skinner’s weir) until we arrive at ENSHAM—or, as it is called in the Ordnance map, Swinford—BRIDGE.

Ensham, Eynesham, or Einsham, was a place of note before the Conquest: so early as 1005 an abbey was founded here by Ethelmar, Earl of Cornwall, in the reign of Ethelred, the king “who signed the



ENSHAM BRIDGE.

privilege of liberty with the sign of the Holy Cross;” and here he held a general council in 1009. At the Dissolution, the abbey and its site became the property of the Earl of Derby. None of its remains can now be found: a few stones here and there indicate its site. A venerable Cross stands in the market-place, opposite the church; but its date is not very remote, although time has much defaced its beauty.

Immediately below Ensham Bridge we make the somewhat dangerous passage of the weir, close to which, on the north side, is the site of "The Burnt Tree," dear to Oxford citizens as the scene of many a merry picnic. This tree was struck by lightning, and formed for many years a very picturesque object, and an excellent excuse for making a pleasant water excursion. We soon arrive at Canott's Ham, on the north side, into which many a pheasant strays from the neighbouring wood, and where in winter the snipe and wild duck abound. It is also noticeable as one of the few places on the Thames where the tench is to be found.

The distance from Ensham to Godstow Bridge is about three miles; between these bridges we meet the Evenlode, a pleasant river, which, rising on the edge of Worcestershire, and passing by Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Charlbury, and Combe, and refreshing Blenheim Park, here joins the Thames, and proceeds with it to Oxford. All along to the right of the river highway, we keep in sight the wooded heights of Witham—a pleasure enhanced by the numerous windings of the river, which exhibit the hill in every variety of form. This "bit" is the more valuable because of its rarity, as contrasting with the ordinary flatness and sameness of adjacent lands.

On the opposite side of the river is seen the tall spire of Cassington Church; it is in view all the way to Oxford, and is ever a pleasant sight, refreshing to the eye and cheering to the heart.

GODSTOW BRIDGE is highly picturesque; the river divides here, and at the brink of the older and more shallow channel is a pleasant inn—"The Trout," well-known to anglers, but better to the "Oxford scholar," as a place accessible to the rower, who here seeks refreshment after toil, and finds the homeward voyage with the current an agreeable and easy evening task. At this spot commences the meadow—"Port Meadow," which, containing 439 acres, reaches almost to the city, whose property it is, and has been from time immemorial, as recorded in Domesday. Every citizen has the right of free pasturage for cattle, or, rather, a right for which he pays the annual tribute of two pence for each horse or cow found there on the day upon which the city authorities meet for inspec-



GODSTOW BRIDGE.

tion—a day of which, of course, no previous notice has been given. It is usually overflowed in winter, and has thus time for repose.

The story of “Fair Rosamond” has been told in a hundred ways: the “fair and comely dame” who was loved by Henry II., was, according



GODSTOW BRIDGE.

to the legend, concealed by the king in a bower at Woodstock from the jealous eyes of his queen, Eleanor. The theme was in high favour with the early minstrels, and historians have not disdained to preserve the memory of her surpassing beauty and her sad fate.* She was, according to Stow, who follows Higden, the monk of Chester, the daughter

* “Her crispèd lockes like threads of golde
Appeared to each man’s sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.”

“The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.”

of Walter Lord Clifford, became the “leman” of Henry II., and died at Woodstock A.D. 1177, “poisoned by Queen Eleanor, as some thought.”

Of the “HOUSE OF NUNNES” there now exist but a few ivy-clad walls; it was consecrated for Benedictine nuns A.D. 1138, in the presence of King Stephen and his queen; seven hundred years and more have passed since then, and three hundred years since the last abbess resigned her home to the physician, Dr. George Owen, to whom Henry VIII. had given



REINS OF GODSTOW NUNNERY.

it; still the river rolls by its rugged courtyard and dilapidated gables, recalling to mind the story of the fair and frail beauty who gives the ruin a special place in history.

At the foot of Witham Hill—the hill that has so cheerful and fair an aspect from all points of the river within a range of several miles, and so agreeably enlivens the view from Oxford—is the ancient village of Wittemham, or Wightham, where a nunnery existed in the year 690.

Here the Earls of Abinglon have now their seat, partly built, it is said, with the stones of Godstow.

Having passed through Godstow Lock, Oxford City comes in sight ; the village of Wolvercot is passed, but that of Binsey claims a moment's thought. The voyager will pause at Binsey weir, for here a charming view is obtained of ancient and venerable Oxford—its pinnacles, and towers, and church spires rising proudly above surrounding domiciles. Nowhere do we obtain a more striking view, and here especially do we recall the expressive lines of the poet :—

“ Like a rich gem, in circling gold enshrined,
Where Isis' waters wind
Along the sweetest shore
That ever felt fair culture's hands,
Or spring's embroidered mantle wore—
Lo! where majestic Oxford stands.”

We step ashore awhile to visit the little village, and to walk to its church, half a mile or so distant from the river-bank. At Binsey, A.D. 730, the holy virgin Frideswide had a chapel constructed of “ wallyns and rough-hewn timber ;” hither were sent of her nuns “ the most stubborn sort,” to be confined in a dark room, and to be deprived of their usual repast ; and here, too, was the famous well of St. Margaret, which St. Frideswide, “ by her prayers, caused to be opened ;” here came the people to ease their burthened souls, and to be rid of their diseases ; consequently the adjoining village of Seckworth became a large town, containing twenty-four inns,—the dwellings chiefly of the priests appointed by the Prior of Binsey to confess and absolve the penitents. Binsey has now but a dozen poor houses ; its church has a heart-broken look ; and of the well there is but an indication—a large earth-mound in a corner of the graveyard completely dried up, there being no sign of water ; the spring is lost ; and so, indeed, is its memory—for we inquired in vain among the neighbouring peasantry for St. Margaret's Well, of which they had heard and knew nothing—*sic transit !*

The ancient farm of Medley, which adjoins Binsey weir, is still a farm, as it was before the Norman conquest.

Shortly before Oxford is reached, at a point called the Four Streams,

the river separates into two channels, its “divided flood” meeting again just below the city, at the foot of Folly Bridge, at the commencement of Christ Church meadow. Our course takes us by the right-hand stream, the only navigable one, under a bridge on the high road leading from Oxford to the west—a road which numbers seven bridges within a mile, and illustrates somewhat expensively the divided character of the Thames at this part of its course.

A cluster of old houses points out the site of Osney; we first pass, however, through Osney Lock, one of the most picturesque locks on the river.

Osney, or Ouseney, Abbey, once rivalled in extent and architectural beauty the grandest of the colleges that now adorn and dignify the proud city. It was “seated on a flat or low ground, but for the grove, and trees, and rivulets that encompassed it not a little pleasant.” It received its first erection in 1129, by the donation of Robert D’Oyly, at the instance of his wife Edith; and the legend is, that often, when walking out of Oxford Castle by the river-side, she observed magpies chattering on a certain tree, “as it wer to speke to her;” much marvelling at this, she asked of her confessor the meaning thereof, who told her they were not pies, but so many poor souls in purgatory, who were complaining to her, and entreating of her some good. Thercupon, and for their relief, she procured the building of the abbey where the tree stood; her “confessor,” of course, becoming its abbot. During after-times, it was enriched by other donors, until it became “one of the first ornaments and wonders of this place, or nation;” to the great hall would often come, as guests, kings, prelates, and nobles of the first rank; whatever heart could wish the monks enjoyed, “by means of the generosity of their founders and succeeding benefactors;” the church was adorned by the gifts of the pious—all who contributed something towards the building being entitled to “forty days’ indulgence and forgiveness from sin”—hence it became “the envy of other religious houses in England and beyond sea;” of architecture exquisite and full of variety; with hangings of most excellent work, windows of famous painting; with pillars elegant and uniform, each bearing a statue; with wonderful variety of carvings and

paintings, "that not only fed the eye with delight, but struck the spectator with surprise and admiration." Of this grand and glorious work there is now not one stone remaining upon another; "it suffered not a little from the Rump Parliament,"—Time did the rest, and—

"Of it there now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see."

The abbots of Osney were peers of parliament. The last abbot was Robert King, who, in 1539, "surrendered" the abbey to Henry VIII.—who, in 1542, made it the see of a bishop, assigning Gloucester Hall, now Worcester College, Oxford, for his residence. In 1546 the episcopal chair was transferred to the conventional church of St. Frideswide, which was then constituted the cathedral of the see, and called Christ Church, and the last abbot and only bishop of Osney became the first bishop of Oxford. Of Dr. King there is a portrait in the library at Christ Church, the background of which is a picture of the abbey. Others of its treasures are also in that college—"Old Tom," the famous Oxford bell, being one of them. Standing upon the site it occupied in the days of its power and grandeur, and searching in vain for a few stones to indicate its splendour, the mind is absolutely forced to ponder and reflect.

Although, no doubt, much was gained to religion and liberty by the suppression of monasteries, and we may rejoice that we no longer hear in our "schools"

"The harsh jargon of contentious monks,"

something was surely lost of intellectual supremacy. Osney shared the fate of so many wealthy establishments, which the cupidity, and not the piety, of Henry VIII. caused him to suppress. Although the friaries and the lesser monasteries were destroyed by law, the more powerful establishments were ruined by "surrender." By threats, eajolery, or bribery, the abbeys came into the king's hands, or under his control. Untractable abbots were summarily disposed of by easily sustained charges of high-treason, and the monks were "sent adrift to dig, or beg, or starve." Osney revived somewhat in the days of Queen Mary,

masses were again chanted within its walls; but during the Commonwealth its ruin was completed, and of its remains there is now nothing but the site, which the Thames waters as freely and abundantly as it did three centuries ago.

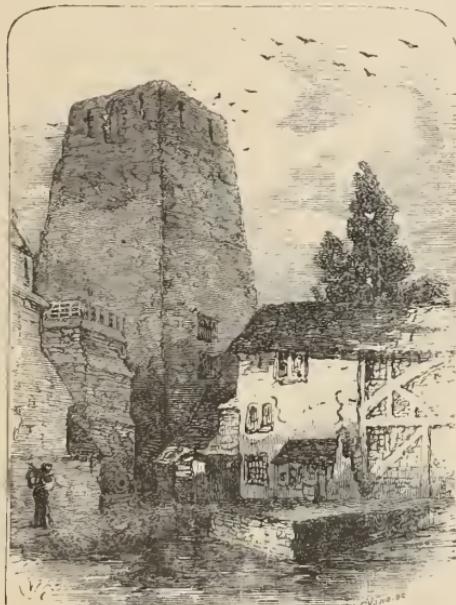
On the current which runs to the left are the few indications which still exist to point out the locality of another abbey—that of Rewley. Rewley Abbey, “sometime seated within pleasant groves, and environed within clear streams,” with its twenty-one elm-trees, and a tree by itself, to represent the abbot and the number of its monks, was situated on this branch of the river; its former splendour is, however, indicated only by a doorway, and a wall which now encloses part of the North-Western Railway.

The left stream is the course that is most picturesque; but there is no exit, as the current is arrested to turn the mill which still works there, where, by itself and its predecessors, it has worked since the castle first reared its strong and stately towers and battlements by the river's side; indeed, there is evidence that the miller had precedence of the chatclain. We pass under a railway bridge, close to the opening of the Oxford and Coventry Canal; and, at the entrance to the city on this side, as we near one of the most ancient of its bridges—Hithe, or Hythe, Bridge—we observe a small cluster of rude and primitive houses, the small dwellings of a race of fishermen, who have followed that calling from father to son, in unbroken succession, for several hundred years.

Of OXFORD CASTLE there remains only a solitary tower; but the mound, planted with evergreens, still rises at its northern side. As will be seen in our engraving, the old mill and its dependent dwellings are in harmony with the old walls with which they have been so long associated, and are among the picturesque “bits” of the river. The castle was begun by Robert D'Oyly, in 1071, and finished in 1073, “to keep in order the neighbouring parts, especially the city of Oxford, which gave great affronts and proved troublesome to King William.” It was famous from that time to the Civil Wars, when it had lost much of its strength and value; afterwards it gradually became a ruin, which ranks among the most interesting relics of the venerable city.

"Time's gradual touch
Has moulded into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was only terrible."

The old castle could tell many strange stories from its palmy days, immediately following the Conquest, to the commencement of the present century, when this tower was the jail of the county. Perhaps the most remarkable of its incidents is that which relates to the Empress Maud, who, being besieged there by the army of King Stephen, contrived to



OXFORD CASTLE.

escape thence into Abingdon. The river was frozen over, and, accompanied by three trusty knights, all clad in ghostly white, she issued from its postern gate at dead midnight, and, crossing the ice, passed the sentinels of the enemy unobserved.

There is little doubt, however, that a castle, a residence of some kind or other, existed at Oxford long prior to the Conquest, and, probably, on

the site which the castle now occupies, and also that it was a royal dwelling, in which Offa and Alfred and his sons resided ; indeed, many Saxon remains have been from time to time discovered by digging in the immediate neighbourhood, and it is clearly ascertained by ancient records that a tower was standing in the time of King Ethelred.

Leaving to the left the rugged island, once the site of Osney, and now covered with houses of a low grade, with rough gardens, enclosed by dilapidated walls or broken palisades, and to the right the fertile meadows, around which winds the ancient bed of the river, we arrive at Folly Bridge,* but must previously pass through a lock, the river here having a fall of about three feet.

At the extremity of the little island we have described, was the famous tower with which for centuries was associated the once dreaded, but now venerated, name of Friar Bacon.

“FRIAR BACON’S STUDY,” which formerly stood on this bridge, “near the end next the city,” was taken down in the year 1779 ; and the propheey thus failed, that “when a man more learned than he passed under it the tower would fall,”—hence the old warning, when a youth was sent to the University, “Beware of walking near the



FRIAR BACON’S STUDY.

Friar’s Tower !” It is traditionally narrated that to this tower the great Roger Bacon, one of the grandest luminaries of the middle ages, used to resort at night “to take the altitude and distance of the stars.” Popular

* The bridge at which the several branches of the Thames unite was anciently called Grand Pont and South Bridge ; it is now named “Folly Bridge.”

prejudice accused him of practising magic, and, according to the legend, he was cited to Rome on this charge by the general of his order (he was a Franciscan friar); but having cleared himself, he was sent back to England. The tower was said to have been built in King Stephen's time, as "a Pharos or high watch-tower for the defence of the city."

We have been passing for some time through the lower parts and the outer side of Oxford; for these picturesque houses and gardens that skirt the bank of the river are its lanes and alleys. Into Oxford, however, it is not our design to enter with a view to describe the city; to do so at all adequately is impossible within the space to which we are limited. The visitor will readily lay his hand on one of the many books in which it is illustrated largely and described fully.

We will only, therefore, ask the reader to "step" with us into Oxford before we rejoin the river, and resume our voyage between its banks.* Its antiquity (according to legendary lore) is as remote as that of any existing English city. The earlier chroniclers, in the absence of fact, had recourse to fiction; and finding the early history of the city depended on tradition only, gave these traditions a lasting form in monkish history. Of these the most amusing, but the most fanciful, is the work of Geoffrey of Monmouth, an ecclesiastic who lived in the twelfth century, and whose industry and credulity were both equally remarkable. He declares Oxford to have been originally built one thousand and nine years before Christ, by Memphric, King of the Britons, when it was called Caer-Memphrieii, or, as some write it, Memphritii, "upon the ryver Temes," and therefore "deserves to be reckoned not only amongst the first and most ancient cities of Britain, but of all Europe and of the world." More correct chroniclers come to our aid, and we know from authentic history that the Saxons "much affected this city with hurt." It was burnt by the Danes, and suffered in a hundred ways during the wars and civil contests that followed—from the Conquest to the struggles of Charles I. and the Parliament.

* The distance from London to Oxford by water is understood to be $116\frac{1}{2}$ miles; by land it is 52.
"The Oarsman's Guide" calculates the water distance at $115\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

At the Conquest the citizens numbered twelve hundred. It is stated in Domesday Book that in Oxeneford "are two hundred and forty-three houses, as well within as without the wall, that pay or yield geld; and five hundred and twenty-two more, at least, which are so wasted and destroyed that they cannot pay geld."*

Commentators differ, without any reason, as to the derivation of the name. There can be no doubt that Oxenford, by which it was called in early time, means neither more nor less than a ford for oxen; much useless controversy has been expended on this point, which might, it would seem, be at once determined by common sense; Domesday, the old Saxon chronicles, and the city seals,† confirm the Ford. It was called Oxford probably from the king's oxen being driven thither (for it was a royal demesne under the care of a bailiff) from the royal forests, in the summer, to pasture on the luxuriant grasses of the meadows, which were flooded and inaccessible to them in winter. In the time of Harold the walls were so ruinous that the rents of several houses were allotted for their repair. It is certain that it was a walled town in the time of the Confessor: King Alfred is stated, on very suspicious authority, to have set his halls *infra muros Oxonie*; and it is said that long previously the city had both walls and gates. Of these walls there are several interesting remains, the best preserved being in the gardens of New College. The Mayor and Aldermen, accompanied by the city officers, and preceded by the beautiful silver-gilt mace of Charles II., have an annual ceremony of going in procession to trace these walls, and demanding the right of entry into any garden or house that occupies the site of any portion of them. This perambulation still bears the title of "the reparation view," and was doubtless instituted for the purpose of seeing that the walls were kept in good repair. It forms, at the present

* Domesday Book is the most important and valuable monument of its kind possessed by any nation. It was compiled under the direction of William the Conqueror, and in accordance with the resolution passed at the council held in Gloucester, A.D. 1085. It contains a survey of all England, and minutely specifies the extent of lands in every county, and who they are held by. It also gives the various tenures under which they are held, and notes whether they are meadow, pasture, or woody districts. In some instances it gives the number of persons living on them, and notes if they be bond or free. To the historian and topographer this work is invaluable; and it aids us in the darker times of Saxon rule, by incidentally narrating its grants.

† The old city seal represents an ox crossing a ford.

time, an interesting memorial of the boundaries of the “old citie within the walles.” The moat and trenches may be still accurately traced,* and are generally clothed with ivy—

“To gild destruction with a smile,
And beautify decay.”

It is to the University, however, that Oxford mainly owes its fame ; for centurics it has been—

“That faire citie, wherein make abode
So many learned imps, that shoothe abrode,
And with their branches spreade all Brittany.”

Walking through its lanes, and courts, and streets, and reminded at every turn of the sacredness of its history, associated with so much that is great and good—of learning, piety, patriotism, and true courage—the enthusiast is almost tempted to cast his shoes from off his feet, for the ground on which he treads is holy : while it is impossible for the mind least instructed or inspired to withhold homage, or to avoid exclaiming with the poet—

“Ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! Your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason.”

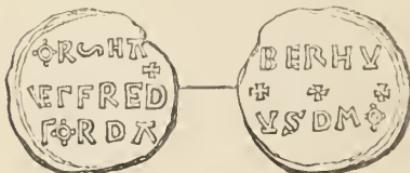
The High Street, from the bridge which crosses the Cherwell—the Botanic Gardens on the left, and the fair and honoured college, Magdalen, on the right—to the Carfax Church, at its extremity, is said to be the most beautiful street in Europe ; and, surely, with truth, for the very inequalities of the later-built houses aid the picturesque ; while, on either side, are the interesting and time-honoured structures—University College, Queen’s College, All Souls’ College, and the richly-adorned Church of St. Mary ; down narrow alleys glimpses are caught, at brief intervals, of New College, St. Peter’s Church, St. Mary’s Hall, Oriel College, of Corpus, also, and Brazen Nose, the Radcliffe and Bodleian Libraries, “the Schools,” Lincoln College, and the great college, Christ Church, in St. Aldate’s.

* The Corporation claim a right to refreshment at certain places on the route,—commencing with crawfish and sops in ale at the starting-point, a house in St. Aldate Street, and ending with “Canary wine” at the lodgings of the President of Corpus.

Without dating the commencement of learning in Oxford so far back as did Geoffrey of Monmouth—a thousand years before the commencement of the Christian era—it is asserted that in the ninth century it had become the fountain whence issued many learned clerks, and that among the earliest to endow it was the king *par excellence*—King Alfred,* “whose memory shall be always sweeter than honey.” The erection of colleges, or houses set apart for students, and for their special accommodation, did not, however, commence until the middle of the thirteenth century—students having been previously lodged in various houses of the town. Merton College, Balliol College, and University College, were founded about the same time, between the years 1261 and 1300; Exeter College, Oriel College, Queen’s College, and New College, between 1314 and 1386; Lincoln College, All Souls’ College, and Magdalen College, between the years 1430 and 1460; Brazen Nose College, Corpus Christi College, and Christ Church, between the years 1507 and 1532; St. John’s College, Trinity College, Jesus’ College, and Wadham College, between the years 1555 and 1610; Pembroke College in 1620; and Worcester College in 1714. There are thus in Oxford nineteen colleges, and five “Halls,” which differ from the colleges only in some unessential forms and privileges. These halls are St. Alban, St. Edmund, St. Mary, New Inn Hall, and Magdalen Hall.

Of ancient structures—made venerable by time and holy by uses—Oxford has, of course, many besides her colleges; the most interesting of these are the several parish churches, all of them containing venerable reliques of times long gone by. Two or three days may be profitably spent in visiting these parish churches. The Church of St. Peter’s in the East

* The curious little silver penny here engraved, from the rare original in the Bodleian Library, was coined by King Alfred in the city of Oxford. The letters exhibit all that irregularity which characterises the early Saxon coinage of England, many of them being upside down, while the O looks more like an ornament than a letter. On one side is the king’s name, .ELFRED, and above and below it the name of the town, spelt ORSNAFORDA. The other side contains the name of the “moneyer,” or person who struck the coin.



"lays claim to a higher antiquity than that of almost any other ecclesiastical edifice in England :" that of St. Mary the Virgin stands on the site of an ancient chapel of King Alfred ; it contains a fine monument by Flaxman to the memory of Sir William Jones. In St. Michael's Church may be observed "seven or eight different periods of construction, though nearly the whole of it is of considerable antiquity," the tower being of the eleventh century. All Saints' Church dates no longer ago than 1708, but it occupies the site of one which flourished early in the twelfth century. Of St. Martin's, or Carfax, Church, dedicated to the famous Bishop of Tours, the foundation is of great antiquity —according to Anthony Wood, "beyond all record ;" the old tower remains, and is said to have been lowered by command of Edward III., "because upon the complaints of the scholars, the townsmen would in time of combat with them retire there, as to their castle, and from thence gall and annoy them with arrows and stones." St. Peter le Baily was rebuilt in 1740, on the site of a church that is "beyond the reach of any records," and which fell down in 1726. Of St. Aldate's Church the foundation is very remote ; it is supposed to have been British before the settlement of the Saxons or the Danes, the saint whose name it bears being a Briton, who lived about 450. Speed says it was founded or restored, probably rebuilt of stone, being previously of wood, in 1004. "The present fabric is composed of many different styles and dates, but is on the whole a venerable structure, deriving additional interest from the comparatively perfect state in which it remains, and the satisfactory account that has been preserved of most parts of the building." St. Ebbe's Church is dedicated to one of the Saxon saints, Ebba, daughter of Ethelfred, King of Northumberland, who died 685. It was rebuilt 1814, the only remaining part of the old building being the tower, which is of great antiquity, being built of rubble, very massive, and having no stairease. St. Mary Magdalen is said to have been erected before the Norman Conquest ; but of the original church the only portion remaining at all perfect is a semicircular arch, with the zigzag mouldings, which divided the nave from the chancel. The Church of St. Giles is among the most interesting churches of the city ; its nave, chancel, and aisles are of fine

architectural character. The Church of Holywell, that of St. Clement, and that of St. Thomas, though less striking and important than those previously referred to, have each their peculiar attractions, and, as will be readily supposed, the visitor to these interesting churches will be recompensed in many ways; they are crowded with "memorials," all of which speak eloquently of the past, and are suggestive of thoughts in keeping with the impressive solemnity of the venerable city. In several of the streets, also, there are singular relics of old houses.

We have but named the several colleges and public structures which have made and make Oxford famous throughout the world; and give to it importance next to London, and interest second only to that of regal Windsor:—

"Leaving us heirs to amplest heritages
Of all the best thoughts of the greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent dead."

The visitor who goes through and about them will have days of enjoyment, not alone because of "old renown," and the memories associated with every step he treads, but as the great intellectual hereafter of the nation. The names that will occur to him are those of England's loftiest worthies: here, apart "from the bustle of resort," they girded on their armour to battle against ignorance, superstition, infidelity; here, great men of the past, who best "penned or uttered wisdom"—

"Their spirits, troubled with tumultuous hope,
Toil'd with futurity"—

drank deep of that holy fountain which gave them strength for life. Here the aristocracy have their full share of glory; but here the people have just right to pride;—for high among the highest of their country's benefactors are, and ever have been, those who "achieved greatness," unaided and alone. Rare delight, and ample food for thought, will he obtain who wanders through the streets—where Wolsey walked in triumph, and Shakspeare housed in obscurity; where Laud and Wesley taught; where liberty inspired Hampden; where Wicliff planned for his country freedom of conscience, achieved and kept; where was the chief battle-field of that great contest which threw from England an intolerable

burthen ; whence the Reformation spread its light ; and where perished the great THREE, who, by their deaths, “lit such a candle in England as, by God’s grace, hath never since been put out.”

Here have gathered, fraternised, or fought, great men—from the age of Alfred to the reign of Victoria ; men hostile in politics, opposed in religion, often zealous over much, but earnest, faithful, and unflinching ; however separated by opinion, all labouring in the great cause of human progress—differing only as “one star differeth from another star in glory”—

“their names
In Fame’s eternal volume live for aye !”

But chiefly the visitor will pause and ponder beside the iron cross which, in the middle of a causeway, marks the spot where bigotry consumed three prelates—Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley ; and he will thence make pilgrimage to the “Martyrs’ Memorial,” which a grateful posterity raised as a perpetual reminder that by their heroic deaths they gave vigorous life to that purer faith, which, far above all other things—kings, principalities, and powers—makes England a land of liberty.

It is, indeed, impossible to exaggerate the claims to consideration of stately and learned Oxford ; such is its solemn and impressive grandeur, that even in walking its streets laughter seems desecration, and haste unnatural. Its very atmosphere is a lure to study ; the “mossy vest of time” is everywhere instructive ; the crumblings of its ancient walls tempt to thoughtful repose : even the waters of the Thames are calmer here than elsewhere ; while its many spires are closely, and in true glory, linked in happy association with a memorable past :—

“ Amid th’ august and never dying light
Of constellated spirits, who have gained
A name in heaven by power of heavenly deeds.”

In cloisters pale, in venerable halls, beneath stately porticoes, in silent galleries, in sombre quadrangles, by solemn altars, in neatly-trimmed gardens, in umbrageous walks,—the students think and work : its rare libraries, enriched by the wisdom of ages ; its large assemblages of Art-wonders ; its vast resources of Science,—are their daily teachers. Lessons

still more valuable are taught by tombs and tablets in their chapel courts; by quaint windows, that let in "religious light;" and by statues of pious founders and canonised saints, still speaking from niches they have occupied for centuries, giving emphasis to that memorable text, more impressive here than elsewhere, commingling piety with loyalty—"Fear God! Honour the king!" Move where we will in this fair and holy city, we think and feel as of a higher and a better race than the world's ordinary denizens; while

"The attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious."

We must resume our course; and, making our way again to Folly



FOLLY BRIDGE.

Bridge, bid adieu to the fair city, quoting, as we enter our boat, the quaint and homely couplet of the old poet:—

"He that hath Oxford seen, for beauty, grace,
And healthiness ne'er saw a better place."

FOLLY BRIDGE was anciently called Grand Pont. Its modern name (modern, although dating back 200 years) is derived from the following

FROM THE FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.



circumstance. The tower, which stood on the bridge, and had been so long known as "Friar Bacon's Study," being much dilapidated, the city leased it to a citizen named "Welcome," who repaired the lower part, and added to it a story, which appears in our engraving. This was called by the neighbours "Welcome's Folly;" and thus the bridge acquired its new title of "Folly Bridge." The present bridge was built in 1825-7: the architect was Ebenezer Perry. The first erection of a bridge on this spot is "beyond all authentic record;" but it is the opinion of our best antiquaries that here a bridge existed so early as the Saxon times.

We are below Folly Bridge, having passed through the lock, which, as we have intimated, terminates the right branch of the river: there is a fall here of about three feet. The bridge is seen in the annexed view. A tavern, situate on a sort of quay, and a block of warehouses, sufficiently mark the locality, but the latter unfortunately interrupts the passage into the street from the beautiful grounds of Christ Church. Christ Church Meadow, with its embowered "walks," has been famous for ages; it is the public promenade; and necessarily here, or at the quay alluded to, boats are always numerous, for this is almost the only place in the vicinity in which there are conveniences for boating.

At the termination of Christ Church Meadow occurs the junction of the Cherwell and the Thames: the river so dear to Alma Mater has its source in the Arbury Hills, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire: it enters Oxfordshire near Claydon, flows past the town of Banbury, through Islip and several other villages, runs its course of about forty miles (but nowhere navigable), and on its arrival at Oxford surrounds an island appertaining to Magdalen College (where it is crossed by a bridge of great beauty), running beside "Addison's Walk," waters the banks of the Botanic Garden, passing by the side of Christ Church Meadow and its tree-embowered walks, and loses itself in the great river in whose company it journeys to the sea. Our noble old topographer, Camden, takes the opportunity of this locality for an eloquent praise of the city in his "Britannia." He says, "Where Cherwell is confluent with Isis, and pleasant aits, or islets, lye dispersed by the sundry

dissevering of waters, there the most famous University of Oxford sheweth itself aloft in a champion plaine. Oxford, I say, our most noble Athens, the muses-seate, and one of England's stays—nay, the sun, the eye, and the soul thereof, from whence religion, civility, and learning, are spread most plenteously into all parts of the realm. A fair and goodly city,

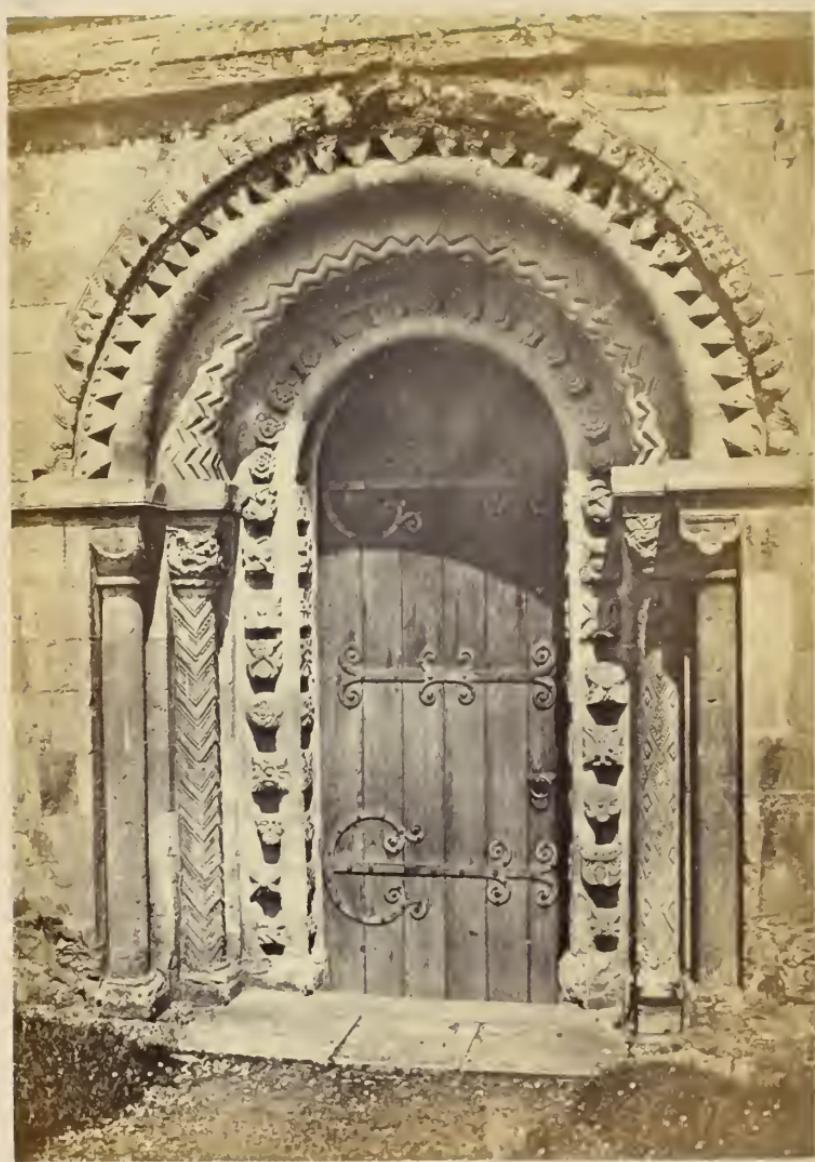


JUNCTION OF THE CHERWELL AND THE THAMES.

whether a man respect the seemly beauty of private houses, or the stately magnificence of public buildings, together with the wholesome site or pleasant prospect thereof. Whence it came to pass that of this situation it was (as writers record) in ancient times called *Bellositum*.**

The current carries us gently to Iffley lock, distant about two miles—rich flat meadows on either side; but the landscape receiving grace and beauty from the hills of Shotover, Bagley Wood, and the slope on which stands the fine and very venerable church. The voyager, however, will often look back, for gradually, as we remove from the city, the view gains in interest; the lower houses disappear, while towers, and domes, and spires of churches, and colleges rise above the trees, standing out in high relief, backed by the sky. IFFLEY is justly considered “one of the finest

* Camden's “*Britannia*,” as translated by Holland, 1637.



DOORWAY: IFLEY CHURCH

and most beautiful examples in England of an Anglo-Norman parochial church." It consists of a nave and chancel divided by a tower, forming, indeed, "an interesting school of ancient architecture," affording a series of examples of almost every age and style, and being "accepted" as high and pure "authority" by church architects.

The date of its foundation is probably as far back as the reign of King Stephen, when it was built by the monks of Kenilworth; authentic



IFFLEY CHURCH.

records prove it to have been in existence at the end of the twelfth century; it has endured with very little change from that far-off period to this; and many of its elaborate and beautiful decorations, exterior as well as interior, are now as perfect as they were when they left the hands of the sculptor-artizan.

The churchyard contains an aged yew-tree—so aged that no stretch of fancy is required to believe it was planted when the first stone of the sacred structure was laid.* The rectory is in admirable keeping with

* It has been generally stated that yew-trees were planted near churches to supply bow-staves for archers, at a time when archery was much practised, and enforced by law. But the custom is now believed to be much older, and to be a relic of paganism; these trees, being sacred to the dead from a very early period, and therefore especially venerated by the Druids, were adopted by the Romans and Saxons; hence "the church was brought to the tree, and not the tree to the church," for the eminent botanist, De Candolle, notes that the yews at Fountains and Crowhurst are 1,200 years old, while that at Fortingale, in Scotland, is believed to be 1,400 years of age.

the church, although of a much later date: also at the adjacent weir is a venerable mill, the successor of that which flourished here so far back as the time of the first Edward.

There are consequently few places on the banks of the Thames with so many attractions for the tourist, and its value is enhanced by immediate vicinage to Oxford. The river between Oxford and Iffley is very deep, and there are dangerous eddies, where bathers have been sacrificed. It is shallower towards Nuneham; from whence it is much deeper in its course to Abingdon.

Resuming our voyage, we pass through Sandford lock,—one of the most picturesque of the many combinations of lock, weir, and mill,—keeping in view the mansion of Nuneham Courtenay, which crowns the summit of the nearest hill.

The fine trees of Nuneham hang luxuriantly over the river—it is a perfect wealth of foliage piled on the rising banks. Such scenery continues until we reach the modern railway bridge, when, on the right bank of the stream, Radley House is despaired; another turn of the river, past this demesne, and the spire of Abingdon comes in view. Between Nuneham Courtenay and Abingdon the river winds so much, that when we reach this ancient town we are nearly opposite to Oxford, distant about six miles.

About half a mile from Abingdon the Thames divides into two parts, the eastern portion leaving the main stream at right angles, and going to Culham Bridge, and the western going to Abingdon; the eastern part was the navigable stream from Oxford to London in the time of James I., and the old lock is still remaining, but blocked up. We have already quoted an extract from “The Chronicon” relating to the eastern part; and the following, relating to the western, occurs at the commencement of the volume:—“Mons Abbendone ad septentrionalem plagam Tamise fluvii, ubi praetermeat pontem Oxenefordis urbis situs est; a quo monasterio non longe posito idem nomen inditum.”

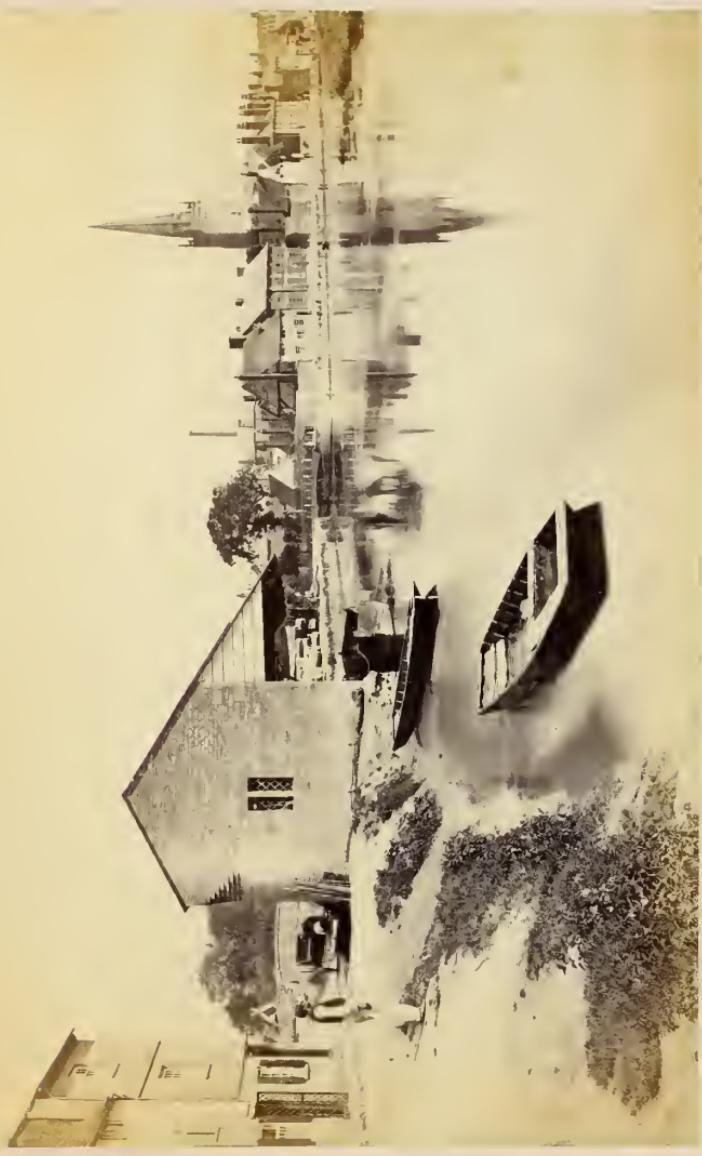
Abingdon is one of the most ancient towns of the kingdom; it stands near the junction of the little river Ock (which rises in the Vale of



FLERY MILL

AT SUNDERLAND COURTESY





ABINGDON

White Horse)* with the Thames, and although now a place of small importance, has played a conspicuous part in many of the most stirring events of British history. A legendary tale thus describes its origin :— “At a time when the wretched pagan Hengist basely murdered 460



DISTANT VIEW OF ABINGDON CHURCH.

noblemen and barons at Stonehengest, or Stonehenge, Aben, a nobleman’s son, escaped into a wood, on the south side of Oxfordshire, where, leading a most holy life, the inhabitants of the country flocking to him to hear the word of God, built him a dwelling-house and a chapel in honour of the Holy Virgin; but he, disliking their resort, stole away to Ireland, and from him the place where he dwelt is called Abingdon.† It is hardly necessary to state that this derivation is incorrect, and that the name is purely Anglo-Saxon. We give the legend as an example of the fanciful interpolations in early history by the elder chroniclers.

The old hospital at Abingdon is founded on the site of the monastery dedicated to the Holy Cross and St. Helena, by Cisa, sister of the king of the West Saxons, in the seventh century: this religious founda-

* This vale takes its name from an enormous representation of a horse cut in the side of the chalk hills. This singular figure has existed there from time immemorial. It is rude in character; but, inasmuch as that character is precisely similar to the figures of horses on ancient British coins, it is believed to be equally ancient. It has long been the custom of the peasantry to clear it of weeds, and generally to restore it, at certain seasons of the year.

† “Abingdone” (says Leland in his “Itinerary”) “stands on the right side of the Isis, and was of very old time called Seukesham, since Abendune.”

tion having gone to decay, a hospital was erected in its place by a rich merchant, in the reign of Henry V., named Geoffry Barbour: in the reign of Henry VIII. this and other charitable institutions in connection with the church were forfeited to the crown; and the Abbot of Abingdon, being one of the first to acknowledge the king's supremacy, was rewarded for such subserviency by the gift of the Manor of Cumnor, and a pension of £200 a year for his life. Sir John Mason,

in the reign of Edward VI., bestirred himself to restore the charity, and in the year 1553 it was re-endowed, and named Christ Hospital. It then accommodated thirteen poor men and women; the number is now thirty-two.

The old almshouses partially surround the churchyard of Abingdon. They are provided with a covered cloister, leading to each door. Our engraving exhibits the central entrance, with the cupola above the old hall. Over this gate are a series of old paintings, all allusive to works of charity; and in the hall are many curious



THE ALMSHOUSES AT ABINGDON.

portraits of benefactors, the principal being the youthful Edward VI. holding a charter with the great seal appended, by which the hospital was founded. There is also a painting of the building of the bridges over the Thames, which first gave Abingdon importance, as they occasioned the high road from Gloucester to London to be turned through this town. Burford Bridge was near the town, and Culham Bridge about half a mile to the east of it. Before they were erected, in 1416, the fords here were very dangerous, and the road turned to Wallingford to avoid

CHI TON HAI KHU TO



them. The merchant Barbour, feeling the importance of these bridges to the town, gave one hundred marks toward them; and Leland says three hundred men were employed at once upon them at the rate of a penny per day; which Hearne the antiquary observes was “an extraordinary price in these times, when the best wheat was sold for twelvepence per quarter.” Another curious picture of a local antiquity is painted on the exterior wall of the hospital, opposite the Thames: it is a view of the cross which formerly stood in the town, and was destroyed by Waller’s army in May, 1644, in revenge for his repulse at Newbridge.

From Abingdon the Thames pursues its course with little to attract the tourist until we arrive at the ferry of Clifton, over which hangs a small hill, the summit of which is crowned by one of the most graceful and beautiful modern churches in England.

Before we reach the little church of CLIFTON HAMPTON, we pass the village of Sutton Courtenay and Culham—the former with a modern, the latter with an old church; both are towered and embattled, and



CLIFTON HAMPTON CHURCH, AND FERRY.

have a picturesque effect. They are situated about two miles from Abingdon, the river flowing the whole way through meadows of the richest luxuriance, their banks covered with wild flowers. A mile

beyond this, the railway crosses the river at the village of Appleford. No part of England can display more secluded pastoral scenery than is here met with; the utmost abundance seems to crown every orchard and garden. The county is agreeably diversified with wood and water; the banks of the river rise to a considerable elevation, and upon their summits many graves of the early Roman and Saxon settlers have been discovered. At Long Whittenham, close by,—a quiet village embosomed in trees,—some fine Anglo-Saxon jewels have been exhumed.* The scenery is purely pastoral, but is relieved by gentle undulating hills. Upon one of the boldest stands the new church of Clifton—for it is a new church, although externally and internally the architect has followed the best models of the best periods of church architecture: it occupies the site of the ancient structure; indeed, the foundations, and some portions of the walls, have been preserved. It is a most attractive and graceful object seen from the river, and will bear the closest examination, for every part of it has been confided to the care of a competent

artist; and all its appurtenances are as perfect as Art can make them. The village, too, is neat, well ordered, and evidently prosperous. Over the whole district there is evidence of wise and generous superintendence; the clergyman is, we believe, the squire, and it is obvious that the temporal as well as the spiritual wants of the district have a generous and considerate minister. A handsome LICH-GATE of carved oak has been placed at the entrance



LICH-GATE, CLIFTON.

of the churchyard, adding much to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

* The hill above Long Whittenham has earthworks of an early kind upon it, believed to be the work of the Romans. It is certain that these early conquerors of Britain were located here, inasmuch as many antiquities, unmistakably Roman, have been found in the immediate vicinity, and several of their burial-places discovered, from which vases, coins, &c., were obtained.

From the tower of this church, raised as it is so much above the surrounding scenery, we obtain a noble view of now distant Oxford; and here, especially, we are impelled to recall the lines of the poet Warton :—

“Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time ;
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence ;
Ye cloisters pale, that length’ning to the sight,
To contemplation step by step invite :
Ye high-arched walks, where oft the whispers clear
Of harps unseen have swept the poet’s ear ;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;
Lo ! your loved Isis, from the bord’ring vale,
With all a mother’s fondness bids you hail !
Hail ! Oxford, hail !”

After passing Clifton the hills to the right are somewhat bold in character, and we see more distinctly the picturesque formation of the Long Whittenham range : they are round, chalky hills, with clumps of trees on their summits. We now pass by Little Whittenham Church, embosomed in luxurious trees, and the fine, woody hills beside Day’s lock, where the river makes a circuit, passing, as usual, between low and luxuriant banks on either side, where the hay harvest is ever abundant, but where the husbandman will rarely look for any other crop, inasmuch as the land is covered with water in winter floods.* We approach Wallingford, but within a mile or two of this town the voyager will pause at a narrow bridge, about twenty feet in length, which crosses a poor and somewhat turgid stream. The tourist would row by it unnoticed, as of “no account,” but that he knows this to be the famous river Tame, and that here it joins the Thames—or, if the fanciful will have it so, “the Isis;” this being the marriage-bed of the two famous rivers, who henceforward become one; for from this spot, according to the poet,—

* “Tradition has given to this place (Little Whittenham) an intellectual importance which heightens, at least, if it does not transcend, its native beauties. Here an oak had long flourished—and hard was his heart who suffered the axe to strike it—beneath whose shade Prior is said to have composed his poem of ‘Henry and Emma.’ The poet has described this spot as the scene of his interesting story, and such a tree might surely have been spared for the sake of its traditional character, when the general ravage was made, by its last possessor, on the sylvan beauties of the place.” (Boydell, 1794.)

"Straight Tamisis stream,
Proud of the late addition to its name,
Flows briskly on, ambitions now to pay
A larger tribute to the sovereign sea."

Although most of the poets have described "Tame" as of the rougher, and "Isis" as of the gentler sex, they are not all of one mind on this subject. Camden celebrates the Tame as a female—

"Now Tame had caught the wish'd-for social flame
In prospect, as *she* down the mountaiu came."

With Drayton, Tame is the bridegroom—

"As we have told how Tame holds on *his* even course,
Return we to report how Isis from *her* source
Comes tripping with delight."

He calls her also—"the mother of great Thames." Pope, in allusion to the Thames, makes reference to—

"The famed anhors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame."

And Warton,—

"As the smooth surface of the dimpled flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod."

Spenser has this passage :—

"Him before thee went, as best became
His ancient *parents*, namely, the ancient Thame ;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name."

The Tame rises in the eastern part of the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire, between the town of Aylesbury and the village of Querendon; and after winding through the golden vale of Aylesbury, enters the county of Oxford, and soon refreshes the town to which it has given a name. Hence its course is to the very ancient city of Dorchester, from whence by slow progress—and by no means "running to the embraces" of the fair Isis—it paces about two miles to join the Thames beneath the small wooden bridge we have pictured; its whole course, from its rise to its fall, being about thirty-nine miles. Fancy may be permitted full scope and free indulgence while "the voyager" passes underneath the plain rustic bridge that marks the interesting locality. He has visited the scarcely perceptible source of the great river—already seen it fertilise

and enrich cities, towns, and villages; but here he will naturally consider in prospect the mighty gifts it presents to the world, between this comparatively insignificant confluence of "two waters," and the illimitable sea to which they are together hastening:—

" Let fancy lead, from Trewsbury mead,
With hazel fringed, and copse-wood deep;
Where, scarcely seen, through brilliant green,
Thy infant waters softly creep,
To where the wide-expanding Nore
Beholds thee, with tumultuous roar,
Conclude thy devious race:
And rush, with Medway's confluent wave,
To seek, where mightier billows rave,
Thy giant Sire's embrace."

A row up the Tame to visit Dorchester will be the duty of those who have leisure, and desire to examine the several points of interest on or near our great British river. The tourist will be amply repaid for a brief delay. Although the "city" has fallen to the grade of a poor village, the Roman amphitheatre is an earth-mound, and the cathedral half a ruin, history and tradition supply unquestionable proofs of its former magnificence—proofs which time has been unable altogether to obliterate. On its site was a Roman station of large extent and importance; and the place was famous during the ages that immediately followed.

From the junction to Wallingford the "united streams"—

" With friendly and with equal pace they go,
And in their clear meanderings wandering slow"—

soon pass under the bridge of Shillingford, from whence the tourist may walk some two or three miles to offer homage at that shrine in the grand old church of Ewelme, which contains the dust of Sir Thomas Chaucer, the poet's first-born son.

Shillingford is an antiquated village, with many large farm-houses of red brick and timber, warmly thatched, and with an air of picturesque comfort about them thoroughly characteristic of English rural life of "the better sort." Indeed, this portion of the Thames is as completely rural and unsophisticated as any part of England. The character of the scenery changes completely at the bridge, and we see again the rich level meadows, with the square tower of Bensington Church, and the quiet

village of farms and cottages beside it. A mile farther, and we reach another lock, close to the town of Wallingford, which is nearly hidden by the luxurious growth of trees in surrounding meadows.

Wallingford was famous in its day; the British, the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, had each and all their settlements there; it was a borough in the time of the Confessor, and had a mint before the Conquest. Traces of its ancient walls and castle may still be obtained by the patient searcher; the latter is described by old historians as "impregnable," but "Time, the destroyer," has effectually removed all its strength except a few indications, which consist of rubble and stones. In the time of Leland it was sore "in ruines, and for the most part defaced." Camden described it as "environed with a double wall and a double ditch; the citadel standing in the middle on a high artificial hill." It must have been of immense size and strength, and was perhaps, as it was said to have been, "impregnable" before

"Villainous saltpetre had been dug
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth."

Soon after passing under Wallingford bridge we reach the little Norman church of Crowmarsh, and about a mile farther, at a lock known as "Chamber Hole," we observe Newnham-Murrell, with an old church on one side of the river, and Winterbrook on the other. A short distance below is Mongewell, a fair mansion, with rich gardens, lawn, and plantations. A small modern Gothic church is erected here. We soon reach Cholsey, where an older church awaits the antiquarian tourist. At Little Stoke, some distance onward, we are again met by a railway-bridge, and notice the high chalk down rising above it. Passing the bridge, the church of Moulsford appears embosomed in trees. Nearly opposite is South Stoke, and, a short distance farther, at Cleeve Hill lock, we arrive in view of the Streatly hills, at the foot of which are the twin villages of Streatly and Goring—the former in Berkshire, the latter in Oxfordshire, joined by a long and picturesque bridge, from which a fine view is commanded of the river, with its graceful windings and its pretty "aits" above and below, and especially between the bridge and the lock, distant some half a mile apart. These villages of course con-

CORING



tain churches ; that of Goring, however, is by far the most interesting ; it stands close to the water side, and beside it are a graceful cottage and a busy mill.*

The church is of Norman foundation, but the tower only preserves the peculiar features of that style. It is very massive in construction, with round-headed windows, divided into two lights by a central pillar ; a winding stair to the belfry is formed in a small round tower, appended



GORING CHURCH.

to the north side of this square tower. The body of the church is much more modern—a circumstance by no means uncommon in English

* Nearly a century has passed since the village of Goring was "famous" "on account of the virtues" of a medicinal spring in its immediate vicinity : it was called "Spring-well," and was situated on the margin of the Thames. It is particularly mentioned by Dr. Plot (in the reign of Charles II.) as celebrated for its efficacy in the cure of cutaneous disorders, and also for ulcers and sore eyes. Much more recently, however, it was considered "a valuable specific;" for its then owner, Richard Lybbe, Esq., published several advertisements, wherein he states "that other water had been substituted and sold for that of Goring spring;" and he informs the public that, to prevent such deception, every bottle or vessel hereafter filled with the genuine water shall be sealed with his arms, of which he gives a particular description ; and that the persons appointed by him to seal and deliver it shall demand nothing for the water, but a penny a quart for attendance and impress of his arms. The value of Spring-well, if ever it had any, has long ceased to be appreciated. The spring now gives its supply to the Thames without fee or reward, and the "penny stamp" is a tradition of the past.

ecclesiastical architecture. It has been recently restored in very good taste ; but while it gratifies the ecclesiologist, it offers few antique features on which the architectural student can dwell.

The houses at Goring are excellent examples of those “peasant homes” which nowhere exist more happily than in our own favoured isle. The cottages have that look of comfort so essentially English, and their little gardens are trim and neat. The opposite village has equal claims to attention, and is more romantically situated on the hill-side. The scenery is the most striking we have yet met in our downward course.

Resuming our voyage, we leave to the right, on the slope of one of the hills which now “accompany” us for several miles, the beautiful mansion of Basildon. Hence, until we arrive at the villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch, the Thames assumes a new character,—high hills, richly clad in foliage, suspend over us on either side, now and then opening, occasionally bare, and frequently fringing the banks of the stream with the branches of the best varieties of British trees. The villages of Pangbourne and Whitchurch, like those of Streatly and Goring, are united by a bridge, a little above which are the lock and weir; the scenery all about this neighbourhood is exceedingly interesting and beautiful—the stream is broad, and the wood-crowned heights that arise on either side add to the view a variety which is especially welcome after so much that is tame and flat, with which the upper Thames so continually supplies us. These low lands, however, have their value, not alone as suggestive of fertility—they abound in the picturesque; of such scenes the poet has happily said—

“Everywhere

Nature is lovely : on the mountain height,
Or where the embosom'd mountain glen displays
Secure sublimity, or where around
The undulated surface gently slopes
With mingled hill and valley :—everywhere.
Nature is lovely ; even in scenes like these,
Where not a hillock breaks the unvaried plain,
The eye may find new charms that seeks delight.”

The Thames at Pangbourne—above and below it—is, and has long been, a favourite resort of the angler; its sides “hereabouts” are full of water-lilies, and those other aquatic plants which afford the fish shelter and

protection ; they are especially such as are loved by the perch—and perch-fishing in this vicinity is perhaps as good as it is upon any part of the bountiful river.

From Pangbourne to Reading—or rather to Caversham Bridge—a distance of six miles, the banks of the river again become more level, although the hills continue for a short distance, and remain long in sight, as a fine background to a most beautiful picture.

The villages of WHITCHURCH and PANGBOURNE—the former in Oxfordshire, the latter in Berkshire—are twin villages, united by a long, narrow, ungainly, yet picturesque wooden bridge, from which pleasant views are obtained of the river, both above and below. As a residence for a time, Pangbourne has many attractions ; the scenery in the neighbourhood is



WHITCHURCH.

very beautiful ; the hills are high and healthful, and command extensive views ; the place is sufficiently retired,—for although the Great Western Railways runs “right through it,” visitors are few, except those who take the shortest cut to the river-side, and make the most of a morning “pitch” beside the water-plants, which here grow in rich luxuriance, and where the perch abound.

Pangbourne was held, according to Domesday Book, by Miles Crispin of William the Conqueror. Its manor and church were afterwards granted to the Abbey of Reading, as appears from the confirmations of the charters of Henry II., its founder, by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Robert, Bishop of Sarum. Pangbourne afterwards formed a part of



PANGBOURNE.

the possessions of Edward, Duke of Somerset, who was executed in the year 1553, in the last year of Edward VI. It was then granted to Sir Francis Englefield by Queen Mary; and he, becoming a fugitive, it reverted to the crown, "as appears from an explification of the Inquisition for the finding of him." The reversion of the mansion and manor of Pangbourne was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Thomas Weldon, cofferer of her Majesty's household. The house is mentioned by Leland as a fair manor-placee, that had belonged to the Abbot of Reading. The village, however, has preserved few or none of its antiquities; the visitor will seek in vain for traces of its early renown, although he may pleasantly muse and dream of its former greatness, while lulled to repose by the murmur of the "fall" that now gently, and now angrily, gives voice to the waters as they make their way through the weir.

Continuing our voyage from Pangbourne—a line of undulating chalk hills on the immediate left, and an uninterrupted tract of flat meadow-land stretching for two or three miles along the opposite bank—we soon arrive opposite Hardwicke House, situated on the slope of a wooded height above the river. It is a large gabled structure of red brick, situated on a terrace of earth raised considerably above the river, upon which are many shady bowers of old yews cut into fanciful arcades. It is so little altered from the time of its erection, that it seems to carry back the spectator to the era of our great civil war. Here Charles I. spent much of his time during the troublous period that preceded his fall,



MAPLE-DURHAM CHURCH AND MILL.

"amusing himself with bowls," and other sports.* On the fine lawn

* No nobleman's mansion was considered complete, at this period, if it were not provided with a bowling-green. Our little cut exhibits the game as played in the time of Charles I. and is copied from an Italian print, by Rossi, dated 1647. The sport is said to have originated in England; and the earliest traces of it are to be found in manuscripts of the 13th century. Covered alleys were afterwards invented for the enjoyment of the game in winter; and it was looked upon as a gentlemanly recreation, of value for the exercise the players attained in its practice. The reader will remember Pope's line:—

"Some Dukes at Marybone bowl time away."



between the house and the river are some noble specimens of cedar, oak, and elm trees, that, judging from their great age, must have been witnesses of the alternate sports and apprehensions of the sovereign. A little farther, and we arrive at an assemblage of choice picturesque objects, such as are not often met with even singly, and are very rarely encountered grouped together into one rich picture as we here find them. At one view we have MAPLE-DURHAM ferry, lock, and weir—the mossy old mill embosomed in rich foliage, from which again rises the grey church tower, behind which, though almost hidden by lofty trees, we see the turreted outline of MAPLE-DURHAM HOUSE, forming altogether a



MAPLE-DURHAM HOUSE.

painter's paradise.* The river here becomes broad and studded with numerous islets, between which extends a series of weirs, over which the water tumbles and foams, adding life and variety to the general calmness of the scene. To obtain a good view of the house, the tourist

* It was built in 1581 by Sir Michael Blount, then Lieutenant of the Tower of London. In the church are many interesting memorials of the Blount family. Maple-Durham is a corruption of Mapulder-ham, literally meaning, the residence or manor among the maple-trees. Mapulder was the Saxon and early English name for a maple-tree, Apulder for an apple-tree, &c.

should land on the right bank, just below the lock, when, looking across the river, he will see, between the two tall elms that frame the picture, a matchless pile of gables, dormers, ornamental chimneys, and all the other elements of "the Elizabethan style." From the river we have no good view of the principal front of the house, which is towards the east, looking down a magnificent avenue of elm-trees nearly a mile in length. There are in the house, it is said, several secret rooms and passages used in the time of the Commonwealth by the Royalist party for the concealment of troops or priests, as the case might be. Maple Durham has long been the property of the ancient family of the Blounts. "The church is of singular design, having a nave of irregular form, with a south aisle only."

On the opposite side of the river is the village of Purley, the small church of which stands close to the bank, buried in a grove of towering trees. Purley Hall, on the right, on high ground, is a plain, square, modern villa. The towing-path is closed where the grounds of Purley reach the Thames, but is continued on the opposite bank of the stream, so that men and horses have to be ferried across, and continue their journey for about a quarter of a mile, when they reach Purley Ferry, and are again carried across to the right bank, where the ferryman's house is situated, from whence the path continues to Caversham Bridge.

The line of the Great Western Railway is in sight almost all the way between Pangbourne and Reading, and, for the most part, in close proximity to the river. About Purley, the tall wooded banks approach each other, and forming now and then close umbrageous scenes of exquisite beauty. Continuing our journey, no object of particular interest meets us for some distance, until, coming to a turn of the river where the country opens out, we obtain a sight of Caversham, with its old bridge and church, and the large town of Reading. The ground on the right has now sunk to a level; but on the left, chalk-hills, with steep declivities, approach and almost overhang the stream. From these hills beautiful prospects are obtained of the river and surrounding scenery; and, for half a mile before reaching Caversham, the northern bank is

adorned by a fine hanging wood of fir-trees, passing which we arrive at Caversham Bridge and village.*

CAVERSHAM BRIDGE is an ugly structure, partly of wood and partly of stone. At its foot is a small cottage, where boats are hired, and where the curious may trace some ancient remains, which appear to be those of the way-side chapel noted by Leland in his "Itinerary" (*temp. Henry VIII.*). He tells us—"At the north end of Caversham Bridge, as we come from Reading, there standeth a fair old chapel of stone, on the



CAVERSHAM BRIDGE.

right hand, piled in the foundation because of the rage of the Thames." In the letters addressed to Hearne, the antiquary, is one dated 1727,

* During the civil war many skirmishes took place in the vicinity. Of one of them, between the troops of the Parliament and those of the king, some records are preserved in the diary of Sir Samuel Luke, said to have been the original of Butler's "Hudibras." He writes:—"Upon Cawsain Hill, unexpected to us, came his Majesty's forces, under the command of General Ruven and Prince Robert, consisting of about forty colours of horse and nine regiments of foot, with ordnance and other ammunition; they fell upon a loose regiment that laye there to keepe the bridge, and gave them a furious assault both with their ordnance and men—one bullet being taken up by our men which weighed twenty-four pounds at the least. This was answered with our muskets, and we made the hill soe hott for them that they were forced to retreat, leaving behind seven bodyes of as personable men as ever were seene, and most of their armes; besides others which fell in three or four miles compasse, as they retreated. And it is sayed that within five miles there were five hundred hurt men drest in a barne besides many prisoners which wee tooke, and many hurt men within our precincts, to which wee sent the next morning our surgeons to dresse, and gave orders to have the dead bodyes buried by the parishioners where they were slain."

from an inquirer, who informs him that “this chapel was dedicated to St. Anne,” and that from thence the religious went at certain times to a holy well, “between a field called the Mount and a lane called Priest’s Lane,” from which circumstance it obtained its name; and that there was “in the memory of man a large ancient oak just by this well, which was also had in great veneration.”

The lock—Caversham Lock—is distant half a mile from the bridge; and a small island, containing about four acres, divides the current. A view of the town of Reading would be hence obtained but for the intervening railway. The steeple of St. Lawrence’s Church is, however, seen high above surrounding houses; and so is the red-brick ruin of the Abbey gateway, closely adjoining the modern jail, beside which the ruins of the old abbey have been laid out in shady public walks: they exhibit little remains of distinctive architectural features, inasmuch as the walls have been denuded of the outer squared stone for building purposes, leaving the core of the walls only. A very pretty public garden is in front of this, and a mound, with a fine group of trees, commands a beautiful view of the winding of the Thames, from Purley on the left to Shiplake on the right of the spectator.

The Kennet, which runs through the town, joins the Thames between Caversham Bridge and Sonning. This river rises near the village of East Kennet, on the eastern side of Wiltshire, in the vicinity of Abury, and, “after a sequestered course” of about four miles, reaches Marlborough, afterwards waters the ancient village of Ramsbury, thence visits and refreshes Hungerford, proceeding thence to Newbury, where it becomes navigable; and during a course of nearly forty miles ministers to the wants and industry of man—aiding the operations of the Thames in producing and distributing wealth. Drayton, in his quaint poem, the “Poly-Olbion,” thus narrates the junction of the streams:—

“At Reading once arrived, clear *Kennet* overtakes
Her lord, the stately *Thames*; which that great flood again
With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.
Then *Loddon* next comes in, contributing her store,
As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.”

Reading is the venerable capital of Berkshire. “This little city,” say

some topographers, “was termed by the Saxons, Rheadyne, from *rhea*, a river; or the British word *redin*, signifying fern, which Leland mentions as “growing hereabouts in great plenty;” but these are fanciful derivations. In all such names the termination *ing* was the Saxon patronymic. The Rædingas was a family, or, as they would say in Scotland, a clan, whose original head was a chief named Ræda. The name, therefore, simply meant that this was the seat and property of that family. In most parts of England the name of a family is joined with *ham*, *tun*, &c., meaning a residence, as Birmingham (Beorminga-ham, the home of the Beomingas), Wellington (Wællinga-tun, the tun, or dwelling, of the Wællingas), &c. But in the south, especially in Berkshire, Sussex, and perhaps Surrey, the family name was given to the place without any adjunct; as we have Worthing (the Worthingas), and Reading (the Rædingas), and Sonning (the Sonningas).

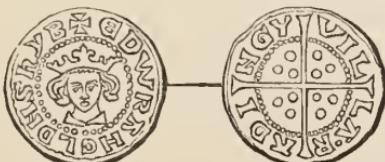
A strong castle existed here until the time of Henry II., by whom it was destroyed, “as affording a place of refuge to the adherents of King Stephen.” Its site has long been matter of speculation. Its abbey was one of the most considerable in England, “both for the magnitude of its building and the state of its endowments,” its abbots being mitred, and enjoying the honour of a seat in Parliament. The structure was commenced by Henry I. “on the site of a small nunnery, said to have been founded by Elfrieda, mother-in-law of Edward the Martyr, in order to expiate the murder of that king at Corfe Castle.” The active and honourable part which Reading sustained during the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, occupies a prominent page in the history of the period; but Reading, from its proximity to the Thames, being on the high road to London, and from its strength, “though not a walled town, as may be supposed,” shared largely in many of the leading events of the country in all ages. Of “the castle,” as we have intimated, even the site is unknown: Leland conjectured that “a piece of the abbey was built of the ruins of it;” while of the famous abbey itself there are but few remains, the county jail now occupying its place. At the dissolution it was “extremely wealthy,” and contained many “valuables.” It was peculiarly rich in relics, possessing, among other treasures, “a

hand of the Apostle James," and "the principell relik of idolytrie within thys realme, an aungel with oon wyng that brought to Caversham the spere hedde that pereyd our Saviour is side upon the eresse."* The town is active and prosperous, although of its once famous woollen manufactories there is but the tradition. The only important manufactory it now possesses is one for the production of "biscuits;" and, strange as it may appear, this is so extensive as to employ several hundred men, aided by large machine power. It is foreign to our purpose, or a very agreeable and interesting paper might be written concerning the several processes in use to create this minor accessory of the table, which is exported—not by thousands, but by millions—and sent to every part of the globe. They have, and deserve, a universal reputation, obtained and sustained by using only the best materials of all descriptions—flour, milk, eggs, sugar, and so forth; and it must be recorded as a gratifying fact, that the manufacturers, while making their own fortunes, have contributed very largely to the prosperity of the town.

Reading was the birthplace of Archbishop Laud; and among honourable and happy memories associated with this town, or rather with its vicinity, is that of "Three Mile Cross," long the residence of Mary Russell Mitford. Three Mile Cross is "Our Village."

Having rambled through Reading, noted its large capabilities for

* The town of Reading had the privilege of coining from the early days of the Saxons, and it was continued until the local coinage of England was merged into the metropolitan mint. The penny of Edward I., here engraved, was struck at this town, which is termed "Villa Radingy" on this piece, in accordance with the Latinised form so constantly adopted in mediæval currency. The great improvement in the coinage at this time is due to the long and prosperous reign of Edward I., who restored the currency to beauty, from a state of barbarism worse than that of the Saxon era, into which it had sunk after the reign of John, and during the troublous times in England. The coinage remained without change until another great monarch had arisen to give peace after intestine wars—Henry VII., who first gave portraiture on our national money; for from the time of Edward III. until his period, one head only was used for the series, like that upon this little coin; and it is not easy to distinguish the particular coins of some sovereigns from others of the series, except by minute peculiarities known to the students of Numismatics, but which would escape the eye of the general observer.



commercœ, visited its principal antiquities, and made our pilgrimage to the home and grave of Mary Russell Mitford, we continue our voyage, entering the boat at Caversham Bridge, previously examining the picturesque and venerable church, and the singular “bit of ruin” that appertains to the boat-house.

The Kennet, close to its junction with the Thames, is crossed by two



SONNING CHURCH.

railway bridges, the South Eastern and the Great Western, the latter being the nearest to the great river into which the tributary runs.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Caversham Lock, there are wooded slopes crowned with villas, which give variety and interest to the scenery; thence the banks are flat and tame, until we come in view of Sonning Park, and pass underneath the woods which overhang the river. The church and village of SONNING are very simple, but highly picturesque,—the former is venerable from antiquity, but exceedingly neat and well kept; the latter is clean, neat, and sufficiently aged to retain many of the best characteristics of its “order,” which, unhappily, are fast decaying throughout England. It is described by Leland as “an upland

town, set on fair and commodious ground, beneath which the Tamise runneth in a pleasant vale." A handsome bridge of brick connects it with the opposite side: many of the cottages are covered with climbing plants—the old honeysuckle, the time-honoured jasmine, and the sweet clematis, mingled with the more recent acquirements of simple florists of humble homes.

On the opposite bank, a little above the junction, is the village of SHIPLAKE, backed by hilly slopes, on one of which is the church, of



SHIPLAKE CHURCH.

which Grainger, author of the "Biographical Dictionary," was the incumbent; living here "in competency, obscurity, and content"—so says the tablet which marks his grave; and here dying, in 1776, "as he was officiating at the altar." From the church porch there is a glorious view of the valley of the Thames:—

"The tranquil cot, the restless mill,
The lonely hamlet, calm and still;
The village spire, the busy town,
The shelving bank, the rising down;
The fisher's punt, the peasant's home,
The woodland seat, the regal dome,—

In quick succession rise to charm
 The mind, with virtuous feelings warm :
 Till where the widening current glides
 To mingle with the turbid tides,
 Thy spacious breast displays unfurl'd
 The ensigns of th' assembled world!"

The lock and mill of Shiplake are now reached, just below which the Loddon meets the Thames; the great river being crossed by the railway from Twyford to Henley. The Loddon is "composed of various branches,"—

its most distant source being in the vicinity of Basingstoke, one of its accessory rills gliding through a part of Windsor Forest. The village of WARGRAVE is a pretty and long village, with a picturesque and venerable church, surrounded by well-grown trees, and environed by productive meadows. In the church is a monument to Thomas Day, the eccentric but amiable author of "Sandford and Merton," who was killed by a fall from his horse on his way from Anningsly, his home, near Chertsey, to the residence of his mother at Bear's Hill, near War-



WARGRAVE CHURCH.

grave. The monument contains these lines, written by Day as an inscription for the tomb of a friend; but they were well applied to himself:—

"Beneath the reach of time or fortune's power,
 Remain, cold stone, remain, and mark the hour
 When all the noblest gifts that Heaven e'er gave
 Were enter'd in a dark, untimely grave!
 Oh! taught on reason's boldest wings to rise,
 And catch each glimm'ring of the opening skies!
 Oh, gentle bosom of unsullied mind!
 Oh, friend to truth, to virtue, to mankind,
 Thy dear remains we trust to this sad shrine,
 Secure to feel no second loss like thine."

We now approach one of the cultivated "lions" of the Thames—"Park Place," famous in the annals of the river for the beauty of its

site, the growth of its trees, and some circumstances which give it interest beyond that of ordinary demesnes. The house was built by the Duke of Hamilton: it was some time the residence of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III.; but it is mainly indebted for its many attractions to Marshal Conway, who, towards the close of the last century, became its possessor, and who "set himself the task" of giving to Nature all the advantages she could derive from Art. The grounds have since received the benefit of time; they have not been neglected by successive lords; and the gentleman who at present owns them has evidently studied, by all the means at his command, to render them—what they are—"beautiful exceedingly." Visitors, by whom access on fixed days is easily obtained, land at the very charming "BOAT-HOUSE" we have pictured; it is, in reality, a furnished dwelling,



THE BOAT-HOUSE AT PARK PLACE.

and contains some fine, and several remarkable, works of Art,—statues, pictures, wood-carvings, and foreign curiosities,—in the examination of which half an hour may be profitably expended.

A walk through the grounds, however, is a more exquisite treat—hill and dale, richly-wooded slopes, and shaven lawns, are happily inter-

mixed ; while every now and then judicious openings supply views of the Thames underneath, or the landscape far beyond.

Here and there, on green hillocks or in gloomy dells, mimic ruins have been introduced ; some of them built out of the débris of Reading Abbey. In one of them is a long subterraneous passage (cut through a chalk bed), leading to a Roman amphitheatre, the base of which is planted with the mournful cypress. This is the work of Marshal Conway ; but there is an object of greater interest in these grounds, although its value is lessened by the knowledge that this also is “artificial.” Strictly speaking, however, artificial it is not ; for the DRUIDIC TEMPLE which



THE DRUID TEMPLE AT PARK PLACE.

stands on the summit of one of the small hills, was placed exactly as it was found, keeping precisely the same form and character it received from the hands of the “builders,” it may be twenty centuries ago. We may briefly tell its history. The temple was discovered on the summit of a high hill near the town of St. Helier, in the Isle of Jersey, on the 12th of August, 1785 ; it was entirely covered with earth, having the appearance of a large tumulus, and was laid bare by workmen employed to level the ground. Fortunately, General Conway was then Governor of Jersey ; his attention was at once directed to its preservation ; and,

HUNLEY



on his leaving the island, it was presented to him, and by him removed to Park Place.

"This curious structure is sixty-five feet in circumference, composed of forty-five large stones (measuring, in general, about seven feet in height, from four to six in breadth, one to three in thickness), and contains six perfect lodges, or cells. The supposed entrance, or passage, faces the east, and measures fifteen feet in length, and four feet and upwards in breadth, and about four feet in height, with a covering of rude stones from eighteen inches to two feet thick. In the removal of this curious temple from Jersey, all the parts were marked with such care as to be correctly placed in their original form, and precise direction, when they were re-erected on the charming spot which is distinguished by them. In the eighth volume of the '*Archæologia*,' a particular account is given of this venerable antiquity."*

Half a mile or so from Park Place, and we arrive in sight of HENLEY BRIDGE, a graceful structure of five arches, erected in 1787, and which will be interesting to Art-lovers as containing two sculptured works—MASKS OF THE THAMES AND ISIS—from the chisel of the Hon. Mrs. Damer : † they decorate the consoles of the central arch, exhibit talent

* We have retained the popular term "temple," as applied to this antiquity; but it is properly a tomb. Recent researches in Jersey and Guernsey have sufficiently established that fact. The circle of stones formed the wall of a small chamber, which was covered by heavy slabs; the "cells" contained bodies of the dead. A narrow covered passage led to this chamber, and a mound of earth was placed over all. In the thirty-fifth volume of the "*Archæologia*," Mr. Lukis, of Guernsey, has described several of these burial-places, from his own investigations in these islands. He describes the avenue or entrance to them as rarely more than 3 feet in height by 2 feet in width; the interior chamber of the largest was 8 feet in height, 45 feet in length, and 15 feet in width; the roof stones, of granite, were computed to weigh thirty tons. They appear to have been used for successive interments of the aboriginal chieftains of the islands, and have been found with additional chambers as the original ones became filled with the "great departed." Sometimes in these chambers skeletons are found; sometimes bones, which show that the body was consumed by fire; sometimes the ashes are preserved in urns rudely decorated with incised ornament. The other articles found in these tombs tell of an early and primitive people, such as spear and arrow-heads of flint, as well as knives of the same material, rudely formed beads of coloured earth, bracelets of jet, &c.

† Anne Seymour Damer was a lady of noble descent. Her father, General Conway, was brother to the Marquis of Hertford; her mother the only daughter of the fourth Duke of Argyll; and she was cousin to Horace Walpole, who speaks enthusiastically of her graces of person and mind. She was a real lover of her art—an art so seldom practised by ladies—and honestly earned a reputation her position in the great world might have given her with less labour, had she not desired the judgment of connoisseurs, as well as the praises of titled friends. Her husband, the eldest son of the first Lord Milton, destroyed himself after he had been married nine years: he died in debt, and his widow sought

of no common order, and are interesting as examples of that genius which adopted the most difficult of all the arts as the occupation and enjoyment of rank and wealth.* This is not the only memory preserved at Henley. It was here that Shenstone wrote the familiar lines on an inn :—

“ Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.”

The inn—the Red Lion—is still there, but it has been long unoccupied ; it gives, however, unequivocal proofs that it was abundant in comforts



MASKS OF THE THAMES AND ISIS.

during the days of its glory ; its large rooms are now unfurnished ; its snug and “cozy” chambers are without light and warmth ; the stables and outhouses, the lofts and hen-roosts, are all empty ; and those who visit the house because of the associations it awakens, and contrast its present loneliness with its former bustle and gaiety, may “sigh” that here a “welcome” is no longer to be found : his lament will not be

consolation in renewed art-study, and travelled in Italy. Her father, the general, resided at Park Place—hence her contribution to the bridge. Walpole left her Strawberry Hill for life. She died in 1828, in the eightieth year of her age.

* That towards the source of the river represents the Isis—a female head, round which water-plants are entwined ; that on the other side is an aged male head, the Thames, crowned with bulrushes, and from whose flowing beard little fish peep forth. Both heads are very boldly executed, and have been highly eulogised by Horace Walpole.

lessened because in its successor he finds a grevious contrast in reference to all the good things of life of which an inn is proverbially productive. The town of Henley is happily situated: above and below the scenery is charming. A fine old church adds to its interest; and the bridge is one of the most beautiful of the many that span the noble river.

Henley is in Oxfordshire; but soon after leaving it we part from that county and enter Buckinghamshire—on the north side of the river, that is to say, for on its southern banks we are still in Berkshire, and continue so to be until we have passed Windsor. As our boat rows us downward, we soon arrive in sight of FAWLEY COURT—a summer-house, situated on



ISLAND, FAWLEY COURT.

a pretty island, attracts the eye as one of the graces of the Thames. It is built after a Greek model. Close to this is the village of Remenham, at the base of some high ground charmingly wooded. Fawley Court—its Grecian summer-house, that is to say, on the small island—is famous in the history of the Thames as the starting-point of the Regatta, which annually “glorifies” the river, and assembles here a host of gay and happy lovers of water-sports.

Passing Culham Court, and underneath a range of wooded hills, we

reach "Mile End," or Hambledon, lock. The adjacent country becomes exceedingly beautiful, varied by alternate mills, islands, meadows, and hills, with every now and then ornamental "forest trees" hanging over the stream, and giving pleasant shade to the current on its downward flow. Magpie Island is reached and passed; but those who have leisure may linger about this charming spot. The wood of Medmenham soon comes in sight; the ruined ABBEY is seen among the trees; and close beside it a pretty ferry, with a pleasant way-side inn. The abbey has



MEDMENHAM ABBEY.

been pictured a hundred times, and is a capital subject seen from any point of view; the river runs close beside it; there is a hill adjacent—Danes' Hill; dark woods and green meadows are at hand; gay boats and traffic barges are continually passing; the ferry is always picturesque, and the artist is constantly supplied "on the spot" with themes for pictures; especially he has before him the venerable ruin—"venerable," at least, in so far as the eye is concerned. Time has touched it leniently; some of its best "bits" are as they were a century ago, except that the lichens have given to them that rich clothing of grey and gold which the

painter ever loves, and added to it here and there a green drapery of ivy.

Medmenham derives notoriety from events of more recent date than the occupation of its “two monks, without goods, and without debt.” Here, about the middle of the last century, was established a society of men of wit and fashion, who assumed the title of Monks of St. Francis, and wore the habit of the Franciscan order. Although it is said the statements contained in a now forgotten but once popular novel—“Chrysal; or, the Adventures of a Guinea”—were exaggerated, the character which the “assumed” monks bore in the open world was sufficiently notorious to justify the worst suspicions of their acts in this comparative solitude. The principal members were Sir Francis Dashwood (afterwards Lord Le Despencer), the Earl of Sandwich, John Wilkes, Bubb Doddington, Churchill, and Paul Whitehead the poet. The motto,—“Fay ce que voudras,”—indicative of the principle on which the society was conducted, still remains over the doorway of the Abbey House. Tradition yet preserves some anecdotes illustrative of the habits of “the order,” and there can be little doubt that this now lonely and quiet spot was the scene of orgies that were infamous.

The Thames now flows through one of the richest of its many rich valleys; and hence, until it arrives at Marlow, its windings are frequent and of long continuance,—the flatness of the view being relieved, looking back, by the wooded slopes of Culham, and the distant Chilterns, in Buckinghamshire.

The pretty and picturesque village of Hurley is now reached; it is in Berkshire; another village, that of Harleyford, occupying the opposite bank. Adjoining Hurley was Lady Place, formerly a priory for Benedictine monks, more recently a stately mansion, but now indicated only by aged garden-walls. The house was erected during the reign of Elizabeth, on the site of the ancient convent, and out of the débris of the buildings, by the then owner of the estate, Sir Richard Lovelace,—one of the brothers in arms of Sir Francis Drake. “He was a gentleman of metal,” writes old Fuller, “who had the success to light on a large amount of the King of Spain’s cloth of silver,—I mean, his West Indian

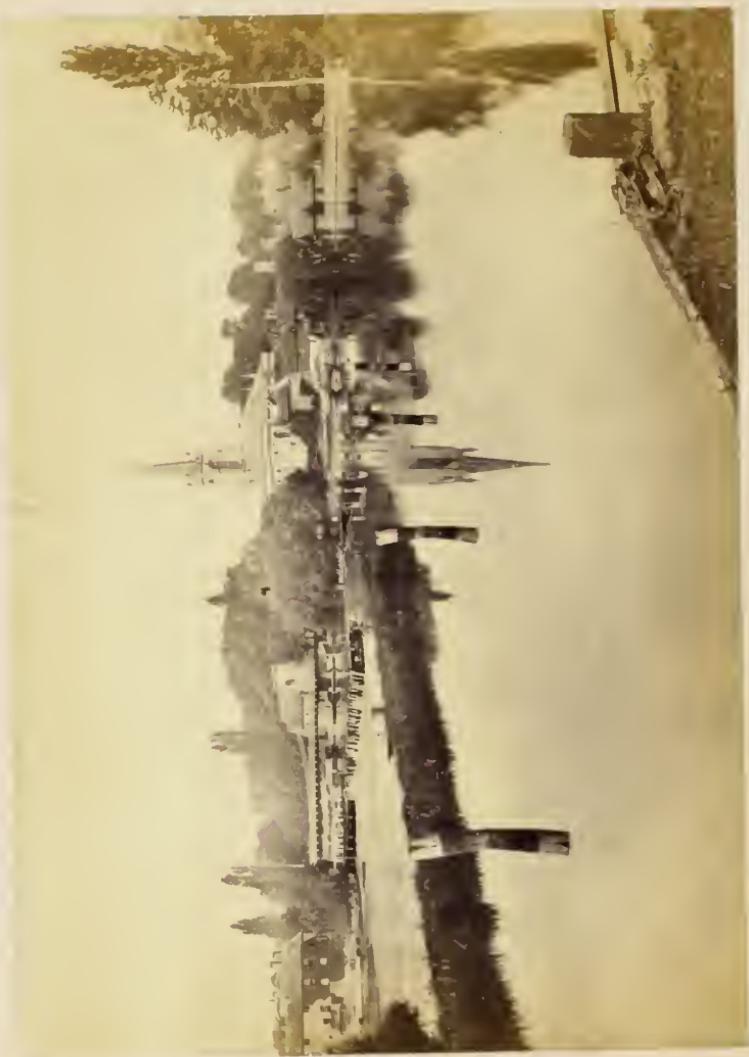
fleet,—wherewith he and his posterity are warmer to this day.” He was created Baron Lovelace, of Hurley, by Charles I.; but during the reign of his two successors, the house was the meeting-place of the several peers and leading commoners whose movements led, eventually, to the “calling in” of the Prince of Orange. “The meetings were held under cover of splendid hospitalities, by which the noble owner of the mansion is said to have exhausted his fortune.” The more secret and perilous consultations were held in a vault underneath, originally the burial-place of a monastery. The house is described by Boydell, in



BISHAM ABBEY.

1794, as “a spacious edifice. The hall, which occupies a disproportionate part of it, is a noble room, with a light gallery round it. The saloon is wainscoted with English oak, which was sent over in panels to Italy to be painted, according to the family tradition, by Salvator Rosa. The views are undoubtedly Italian, and in the bold style of that great master.” The structure, having become much dilapidated, was altogether removed in the year 1837.

Passing Temple Hall, the seat of the old and honourable family of Williams, we arrive at BISHAM ABBEY, one of the most picturesque objects



GREAT MARLOW

on the Thames, and also among the most venerable and interesting of all the ancient remains which time and use have consecrated.

It is impossible to tread these grounds, sombre as they are,—for the hues of dark and heavy trees are in solemn harmony with the ancient church, and the almost as venerable mansion,—without being impressed by a degree of awe amounting to sadness. What a story might be told by those old walls, of the times when the Templars revelled in their glory!

Immediately on leaving the shadows which the tall trees of Bisham throw on the water, the eye and mind are relieved by the graceful suspension bridge which spans the Thames at Marlow—Great Marlow. It is a quiet town; no doubt lonely enough, but the neighbourhood is full of interest. Some thirty or forty years ago, however, it was as full of bustle and excitement as it is now of repose: for the Military College was here, and here some of the bravest and best of our soldiers were educated. It was thus circumstanced, however, for no very long period—the establishment commencing in 1799, and removing to Sandhurst in 1812.

Marlow is the very paradise of the Thames angler: perhaps no part of the whole river, from its rise to its mouth, will afford him safer assurance of a day's sport; such sport, that is to say, as will content the unambitious lover of “the gentle craft;” for if he covet to excel in its loftier



BISHAM CHURCH.

achievements he must "go farther a-field," and make acquaintance with streams more accommodating than that of the good and generous old "Father."

But the Thames angler loves the river hereabouts, not only because it seldom fails to fill his basket—here he obtains all the other enjoyments which our king of island rivers abundantly supplies. Does he seek health and quiet?—He finds them here. Does he love nature—the rural sounds as well as rural sights that give pure and true enjoyment?—They are here—everywhere. Does he seek to call up, in fancy, the great of bygone ages—the worthies of his country, in pulpit, in senate, or in arms—

— "The dead—
Who rule our spirits from their urns?"

Nowhere can he obtain so many associations with the heroic past.

Shade-Oak Ferry is next reached, and here the river begins to assume



COOKHAM CHURCH.

a more busy and active character—barges, punts, boats, "canoes," and racing-boats are more often encountered; the shores are more populous than they have been hitherto, and we gradually lose that sense of solitude

with which the grand old “Father” has so continually oppressed us higher up the stream. The woods of Hedsor—the seat of Lord Boston—companion us for a long way, and for some miles we keep in sight a remarkable structure which crowns the summit of a hill,—we learn that it is nothing more than a summer-house, placed there for the sake of the many views it commands; but it looks like the huge ghost of some mighty edifice which man has deserted. On the opposite bank—in Berkshire, that is to say—is COOKHAM, a pretty village, with a fine old church. A little lower down, and we row beside a lovely island of some acres in extent; it has been laid out in charming walks, with here and there seats for rest, and summer-houses,—every corner planted with fair flowers, shrubs, and cheerful evergreens. Another island—Formosa Island—somewhat farther on, greets the voyager, and is also full of attractions.

We are now approaching that part of the Thames which supplies its most abundant beauties—of mingled wood and water, hill and valley, shrubby heights and richly cultivated fields. The river here closes in, or seems to do so; for although in reality wide, it is narrowed to the eye by the steep hills which rise from the banks on either side, clothed in varied foliage from the base to the summit. Those who accuse our great island river of insipidity, who, if they concede its claims to beauty, deny its pretensions to grandeur, will do well to visit the scenery between Hedsor and Maidenhead—to row between the thick woods of Taplow and Cliefden, and, looking up, they will have no difficulty in imagining themselves in one of the grandest and richest, in picturesque attractions, of our English lakes; indeed, they will require only the near and distant mountains to fancy themselves under the heights of Glena, in all-beautiful Killarney. Well may we rejoice to see the charms of our glorious river, and ask the aid of Poetry and Art to give them fame and power. But the painter will fail here. He may select graceful nooks, and a thousand objects will, singly or in groups, present themselves as fitting subjects for his pencil; but he cannot convey to the eye and mind a just idea of the mingled grandeur and beauty of this delicious locality; while the poet will find only themes which have been, ever and everywhere, the chosen and the favoured of his order.

Nature here has been liberally aided by successive lords, from that Duke of Buckingham by whom "Cliefden's proud alcove" was made

"The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love,"*

to that of the Duke of Sutherland—its present owner. If those who row past these charming woods,—and note what has been done by taste, in association with wealth, to render every part delightful,—ascend any of



CLIEFDEN.

the many heights and examine the "prospect," near or distant, their enjoyment will be largely enhanced. It is impossible, indeed, to exaggerate the beauty and harmony of the foliage which everywhere surrounds us,—

"Beautiful in various dyes,
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love!"

* "Cliefden House" was built by Charles Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,—that Villiers so familiar to all who read the records of pernicious follies and degenerating vices during the reign of Charles II.—

"In squandering wealth was his peculiar art."

The house has been twice destroyed by fire; that which now surmounts the hill was built a few years ago, for the Duke of Sutherland, by the architect Barry.

But there are here hundreds of other trees which the poet could not commemorate, for they were unknown to England in his time. All climes and countries have contributed to the wealth of foliage at Ciefden,—woods, lawns, and gardens are enriched by tributes from every land to which enterprise has conducted British science, to gather treasures converted from exotics into subjects naturalised and “at home.” *

Leaving this scene of mingled grandeur and beauty, to which the Thames voyager will often look back, we pass through Boulters Lock, and arrive at the bridge at Maidenhead.

MAIDENHEAD is a small town, at some distance from the bridge—a structure of much elegance, built in 1772, from the designs of Sir



MAIDENHEAD BRIDGE.

Robert Taylor. The name is said to be a corruption of that which it bore so early as the reign of Edward III.—Maydenhithe, *hithe* being the Saxon word for haven or port: Camden, however, fancifully derives its title from the veneration paid there to the “head” of a Virgin,

* It is worth noting that Thompson’s masque of “Alfred” was first acted at Ciefden, and that, consequently, within those walls was first sung the national song of “Rule Britannia,” composed by him and set to music by Dr. Arne, on the occasion of its performance.

one of the “eleven thousand” whose bones may be now seen at Cologne! The view from the bridge, both above and below, is very beautiful: on the one side the trees rise from the river-bank to the wooded heights that surround Chelfden; while on the other the pretty islet, the Church of Bray, the bridge of the railroad, the near meadows and distant hills, attract the eye, and tempt the passenger to linger awhile in admiration.

In this district, indeed, are to be found all the several advantages which the noble river so abundantly supplies: a channel of depth sufficient for any required traffic, a populous and flourishing town close at hand, pleasant cottages, comfortable inns, and villas, grand or graceful, scattered at convenient intervals, by the bank-sides, on the slopes of adjacent elevations, or crowning distant hills in the midst of “patrician trees” and “plebeian underwood;” while the heart-cheering turrets of Windsor Castle occasionally come in sight, to add to the interest of the scenery the lessons and the pleasures of association. The land is thus fertile in themes, and the water is hardly less so: the barges, the punts, the gay wherries, the racing-boats are everywhere; and perhaps in no part of the world are there to be obtained enjoyments so many or so full—at once so quiet and so active—as are to be found in this part of the Thames, where the venerable Father leads us to classic Eton and regal Windsor.

The voyager will surely go ashore at Bray, not only to examine the venerable church, but to speculate concerning that renowned vicar who has obtained a larger share of immortality than any of his predecessors or successors. The vicar has indeed no tomb in his church to perpetuate his memory, but his fame is preserved in song; and its application is not uncommon, even now-a-days, to those who find it convenient to change opinions.* **BRAY CHURCH** is a large and interesting structure, exhibiting

* The vicar was named Symond Symouds. The authority for his history is Fuller, who says,—“The vivacious vicar thereof, living under King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, was first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burnt (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar being taxed by one for being a turncoat and an inconstant changeling—‘Not so,’ said he, ‘for I always kept my principle, which is this—to live and die the Vicar of Bray.’”

The popular ballad is essentially incorrect in all its details, and, by changing the true period of the

that mixture of architectural features so frequently observable in buildings which have survived many ages of change. Inside are several old monuments, the best being the brass of Sir John Foxley and his two wives (of the early part of the fourteenth century); the figures occupying a sort of shrine, based on a column, which is again supported by a *fox*, in allusion to their names. Another fine brass to members of the Norreys



BRAY CHURCH.

family is dated 1592; and there is a very interesting one to Arthur Page, "of Water Okelye, in the parish of Braye," and Sesely his wife, 1598, which shows that the name of Page was known in the neighbourhood of

vicar's residence here, has represented him even worse than he was. It makes him commence his career in the time of Charles II., and continue a series of changes, religious and political, until the accession of George I. The song is, therefore, chiefly political, its concluding lines being the declaration—

“That whatsoever king shall reign,
I'll be the Vicar of Bray!”

Ritson, who was such an industrious collector of our English popular songs and their music, has given the words and tune of this song in his “Select Collection of English Songs,” 1783; but he was not able to say who was its author, although it was evidently written not more than sixty years before that period. It was most probably the production of one of the men of talent who visited Tonson at his house, close by Bray.

Windsor when Shakspere chose it for one of the chief characters of his immortal drama. The tomb of Henry Partridge, of the same era, is remarkable for an enumeration of the virtues of the deceased, the chief place being given to the assertion that he

"Next to treason, hated debt."

Soon after leaving Bray we step ashore at "MONKEY ISLAND :" the fishing-lodge built here by the third Duke of Marlborough is now "a house of entertainment ;" and the grounds, although limited in extent, are famous for "picnics" in summer seasons. The room which gives a



MONKEY ISLAND.

name to the island is still preserved unimpaired ; the monkeys continue, on canvas, to do the work of men—to hunt, to shoot, and to fish : and no doubt the "monkey-room," which is the *salon* of parties, is an attraction profitable to the landlord, although he may not be successful in conveying assurance, as he seeks to do, that these pictures are the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* "Marlborough's Duke" must have expended large

* In Westall's "Views on the Thames" the paintings are said to be the work of "a French artist named Clermont." Although clever in design, they are of no great merit in execution.

sums upon this “faney,” for the lodge is built of cut stone, and is evidently of a costly character; moreover, there is a detached building, now used as a billiard-room, but in which, in the palmy days of the island, the guests probably had their banquets: it is a structure of much elegance, and no doubt was a charming retreat.

Of the many villas that intervene between Maidenhead and Windsor, the only one that requires especial notice is DOWN PLACE, once the residence of the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, the first of his fraternity



DOWN PLACE.

who took an enlarged view of “the trade,” and succeeded in achieving a celebrity and fortune previously unknown to it. “Genial Jacob,” as he is termed by Pope, succeeded in gathering around him the chief talent of his day, and the famous “Kit-cat Club” was formed in his house: it consisted of noblemen and gentlemen, with the Earl of Dorset at their head; and under the plea of literary joviality they banded for a higher purpose—the defence of the House of Hanover. They took their name from one Christopher Catt, who originally supplied them with a simple

dish—"mutton-pies," which always appeared upon their table. They had thirty-nine members, all distinguished for rank, learning, and wit, many holding important offices under Government. Tonson acted as their secretary, and Sir Godfrey Kneller painted the portraits of the members, which were afterwards engraved and published.* Down Place is now a mansion of large size, to which many additions have from time to time been made. Our engraving is of the older part, where the wits and men of learning assembled under the protecting wing of the great bibliopole. A charming view of Maidenhead is obtained from any of the adjacent heights; while a still more attractive object is presented to the eye on



BOVENEY LOCK.

the side opposite; for we are approaching "Regal Windsor." We have passed Surly Hall—now an inn, well known not only to the youths of Eton, but to all oarsmen of the river. Before we reach Windsor,

* These portraits were long preserved at Down Place, and were all painted of one uniform size (the term used to designate a certain canvas, *kit-cat size*), measuring 28 or 29 inches by 36. The whole of this fine and interesting series of portraits is now in the possession of a descendant—W. R. Baker, Esq., of Bayfordbury: they are all in excellent condition, pure and clear; but the finest is certainly the portrait of Tonson himself, who is represented holding a folio copy of "Paradise Lost," of which he had the copyright, and by which he greatly added to his large fortune. His features exhibit a combination of shrewdness and inflexibility very characteristic of the man.

however, we pass through BOVENEY LOCK. There was a fishery here from a very early period; and it is recorded in the annals of Windsor that, in 1201, William, the son of Richard de Windsor, gave two marks to the king, in order that the pool and fishery in Boveney might be in the state it was wont to be during the reign of Henry II. The men of this, and all other villages near Windsor, were accustomed to give toll at Windsor of all their merchandise.

Having passed the lock, we are at once in the midst of “a bustle.” We are ignorant that the “rule of the road” is not the law of the water, and run much risk, in our comparatively unwieldy barge, of upsetting one or more of the tiny cockleshells in which a youth is seated, rowing up the stream; we cross rapidly over and give free passage—not without an audible reproach for our want of skill in Eton boat lore—to those

“Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arms thy glassy wave.”

The youths are on the banks as well as on the water of old Father Thames:

“A sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margin green,
The paths of pleasure trace.”

Out of this “careless childhood,” or heedless youth, must issue much of the after-renown of England—upon them mainly rest the hereafter of her fate. The embryo statesman is here; the philosopher in the bud; the hero in the *eruca*; the germ of that greatness, the high destiny of which is to preserve the honour and extend the glory of a kingdom upon which the sun never sets; and as boy after boy passes—the father of the man—one can scarcely fail to murmur a hope, with a faith, in his career—

“Hail to thee who shall be great hereafter!”

In the lives of a very large portion of the foremost men of our country, it is an incident that they were “educated at Eton;” and to have been an “Eton boy” is the proud boast of many who have gathered laurels in peace and in war.

Eton is in Buckinghamshire; Windsor is in Berkshire. The river

divides the counties—a very pretty bridge joining the towns. The COLLEGE OF ETON owes its birth to Henry VI.,—there

“Grateful Science still adores
Her Henry’s holy shade,”—

the charter of incorporation bearing the date 1441. The buildings consist of two quadrangles, in one of which are the chapel and school, with the dormitory of the foundation-scholars; in the other are the library, provost’s house, and lodgings of the fellows. The chapel is a handsome Gothic edifice, and is that which “tells” so well in all



ETON COLLEGE.

pictures of the place. A statue in bronze of the royal founder occupies the centre of one of the quadrangles. Few buildings are more happily situated;—“the meadows” adjoin it, the Thames rolls its refreshing waters immediately in front, while always in view are the towers of “regal Windsor,” inciting to that loyalty which is ever the associate of virtue in the young.

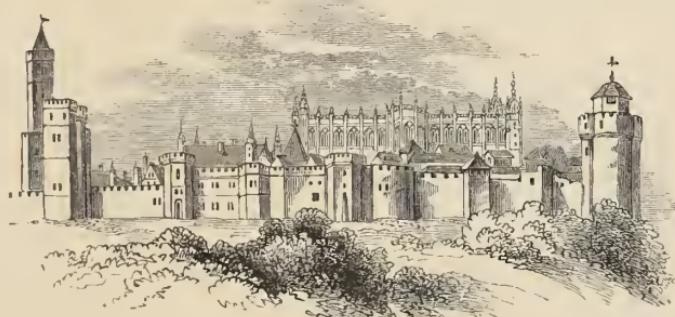
WINDSOR CASTLE, occupying a hill to which there is an ascent from all sides, is seen from every part of the adjacent country, and the several distant heights; it is always a pleasant sight, not only as regards the

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scenery, but with reference to its many “happy and glorious” associations with the past, and its suggestions of hope and joy as the favourite dwelling of the Queen, and the royal family of England.* Here, in its gardens, walks, or rides, they may be seen daily, during the period of their residence, protected by the loyalty that has become affection, and the duty that is true pleasure.

The earliest engraved representation of Windsor Castle is that to be found in Braun’s “Civitatis Orbis Terrarum,” 1594, which was drawn by a foreign artist—George Hoefnagle—for that work. We copy the



ANCIENT WINDSOR CASTLE.

portion that exhibits the walled forecourt, with the Chapel of St. George in the midst. The round tower beyond, as depicted in the same view, is very much beneath its present altitude: it was raised during the renovations by George IV. The walls here seen are the oldest remains of the fortifications. The towers which are so thickly set along them are of two characters—round and angular. The former are probably the remains of the castle as enlarged by Henry III. The portion inhabited by royalty beyond this consisted, in the reign of Elizabeth, of

* Until recently, there was no worthy History of Windsor—a singular deficiency in our literature. The want has, however, been at length supplied: two large volumes have been recently published, entitled, “Annals of Windsor; being a History of the Castle and Town, with some Account of Eton and Places Adjacent. By Robert Richard Tighe, Esq., and James Edward Davis, Esq.” They exhibit amazing research, and include every topic, important or trifling, desirable to illustrate the castle-palace. They contain many prints, plans, and maps, and may be considered as entirely exhausting the subject. From this work we have borrowed much, and gratefully acknowledge our debt to the accomplished and indefatigable authors.

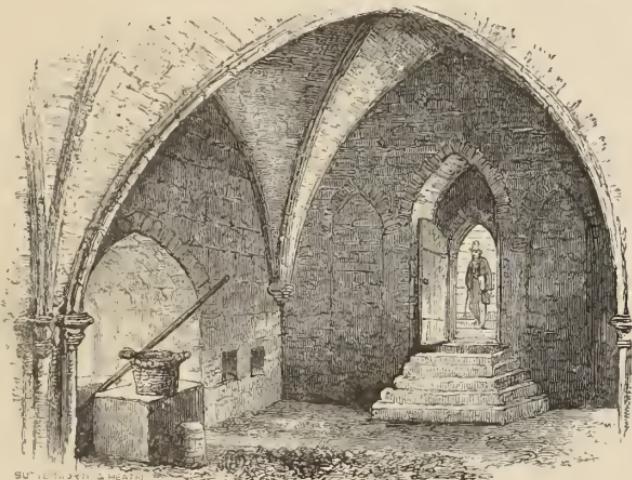
conglomerate of square and round towers, the work of successive ages of change, which adapted the fortress-home of the earlier kings to the more seured and refined life of the days of the "Lion Queen." The terrace is represented in this curious print as a simple embankment supported by wooden piles, with a row of rails to protect promenaders from a fall into the ditch below. The town at this time appears to have been a collection of small eottages, and a shepherd reposes with his sheep in the foreground of the view, while mounted courtiers pursue the deer in the park, aecompanied by huntsmen who run on foot beside them. Such was the Windsor of the days of Shakspere. The present aspect of the castle is widely different; but, during every change, there has been one striking feature preserved—the old BELL TOWER, which we here engrave. It formed one of the most ancient defences; and is seen in the view engraved on the previous page; it is now one of the most conspicuous points of the castle when viewed from the river, or seen in its full proportion as the visitor wends his way up the main street of the town to the principal entrance. This ancient erection was originally called Clure, or Clewer Tower, and subsequently Julius Cæsar's Tower. This western extremity of the castle, with its walls and towers, is the only portion of the building that has retained the original features of the edifice, as erected in the thirteenth century. Only a few years ago the walls were hidden by houses built close upon them, but they were all removed in 1851, the walls were again exposed, and the narrow, winding Thames Street widened and improved thereby. This north-western tower has long been used as a belfry and clock-house,—probably from



THE BELL TOWER.

the time of Edward III., when it is certain there was a clock at Windsor, since in the last year of his reign the sum of £50 was expended upon a new bell for it; and there is reason to believe that the castle clock has always occupied the same situation.

The bell tower, anciently "the curfew tower," was in early times the prison of the castle; and in the CRYPT underneath, the cells are still perfect in which state prisoners were confined. On the stone walls are many initials and dates, several so far back as A.D. 1600, but none earlier,



CRYPT IN BELL TOWER.

except such as are undoubtedly forgeries. The accompanying engraving will convey an idea of this interesting interior,—in which, by the way, a subterranean passage has recently been discovered, said to lead under the Thames to Burnham Abbey, distant three miles, and supposed to have been constructed to facilitate the escape of the garrison at a period of anticipated peril. Messrs. Tighe and Davis, speaking of this tower, remark that "the lower story has remained intact from its foundation. It consists of a chamber twenty-two feet in diameter, vaulted on plain massive stone ribs; the walls twelve feet and a half thick, with arched recesses, terminating in loop-holes. The whole is constructed with chalk,

faced and arched with freestone, and is a perfect and most interesting specimen of the architecture of the period."

Camden conjectures, "plausibly enough," that Windsor derived its name from the winding shores of the adjacent river, being by the Saxons called "Wyndleshora;" in very ancient documents it is also so termed; and by Leland, Windelesore. The earliest notice of "Wyndleshora" is to be found in the "deed of gift," by which the Confessor presented it to the monks of St. Peter, Westminster, he having a residence here. It did not, however, continue long in their possession, for the Conqueror,



WINDSOR CASTLE.

very soon after he subjugated England, "being enamoured of its situation, its convenience for the pleasures of the chase, the pureness of the air and its vicinity to woods and waters," obtained it "in exchange," bestowing on the monastery Wakendune and Feringes, in Essex. He at once commenced building a castle on the pleasant site; and in the fourth year of his reign kept his court there, and held there a synod: for eight centuries and a half, therefore, Windsor has been the palace of the British

sovereigns, and its history is in a great degree that of the kingdom over which they ruled.*

In the prodigious pile which now covers the hill, there can be little resemblance to the castle in which the first William received his proud Norman barons, and the humbled Saxon “thegns” he had subdued. It was not until King Henry I. had enlarged it “with many fair buildings,” and kept his Whitsuntide there, in the year 1110, that it became famous as the royal residence. He was married to his second queen at Windsor, in 1122, and five years afterwards he held another “solemn feast” at the castle, when David, king of Scotland, and the English barons, swore fealty to the king’s daughter, the Empress Maud, at which time Windsor was esteemed the second fortress of the kingdom. More than one parliament was held here in this reign; it was within its walls that John angrily awaited the meeting of his barons at Runnymede, they having refused to trust themselves by visiting the king in his stronghold, and the king merely leaving the fortress to append his signature to Magna Charta, and returning sulkily to his fastness. During the barons’ wars the garrison was lost and won by both parties in turn. The peaceful days of the first Edward note only the records of tournays and residence here. His successor had several royal children born here; “Edward of Windsor” was his eldest, who afterwards figures so nobly in English history as Edward III. The castle derived accessions of strength and beauty from many succeeding monarchs. By the third Edward it was almost entirely rebuilt: the famous William of Wykeham being clerk to the works, “with ample powers, and a fee of one shilling a day whilst at Windsor, and two shillings when he went elsewhere on the duties of his

* The seal of the Corporation of Windsor is here engraved. It will be perceived that the castle forms the principal object. The inhabitants were first incorporated by Edward I., when Windsor was made the county town until 1314, when Edward II. transferred it to Reading. The genuine old name of the town, slightly Latinized into “Wyndlesorie,” appears on this seal. The borough sends two members to parliament. Its principal public structure, the hall and corn-market, was built by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1686. The town has been but little changed during the present century; but numerous villas have been erected in the immediate neighbourhood, and the locality has at length become fashionable. Strange that it was not so long ago



office ;" his clerk receiving three shillings weekly. As evidence of the liberty the king's subjects then enjoyed, it may be stated that "three hundred and sixty workmen were *impressed* to be employed on the building, at the king's wages : some of whom having clandestinely left Windsor, and engaged in other employments to greater advantage, writs were issued prohibiting all persons from employing them on pain of forfeiting all their goods and chattels." Good old times !

In the great civil war the castle was garrisoned for the parliament, and was unsuccessfully attacked by Prince Rupert in 1642. Six years afterwards it became the prison of Charles I., who here "kept his sorrowful and last Christmas "

After the Restoration, the second Charles restored the castle from the state of dilapidation in which he found it. But for its present aspect we are mainly indebted to his Majesty George IV., who, by aid of his architect, Jeffrey Wyatt, afterwards Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, and "assisted" by copious parliamentary grants, gave to the palace its high character; Art contributing largely to the advantages it received from Nature. It is, however, to be regretted, that these restorations were not postponed to recent times, when Gothic architecture is so much better understood; we may well imagine how infinitely more perfect the structure would have been if the successor of William of Wykeham had been Gilbert Scott, and not Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. To describe Windsor Castle is foreign to our purpose; it would demand a volume instead of a page; and there are many guide-books that do so with sufficient accuracy. Visitors are admitted freely to examine all the more ordinary apartments; and these are richly decorated by works of Art. The corridor contains a large collection of paintings by many of the old masters, mingled with several of our own time,—the portraits of Lawrence, and the commemorative pictures of Wilkie, Leslie, and Winterhalter. During a considerable portion of the year, Windsor Castle is the residence of the Sovereign. It is unnecessary to say, that "the apartments," ordinarily called "private," but which are occasionally, and under certain restrictions, shown to visitors, are fitted up with a degree of graceful refinement unsurpassed in any mansion of the kingdom. They will not indeed vie in

WINTON



costliness of decoration, and extravagance of ornament, with many of the continental palaces ; there is here no lavish expenditure, and but little of that “display” which excites more of wonder than admiration ; but there is an elegant “fitness” in all things, appertaining more to comfort than to grandeur, and belonging less to the palace than the “home.” But in furnishing and decoration, in the several chambers for state purposes, and in all they contain, there is amply sufficient to make the subject satisfied that the sovereign is worthily “lodged” when at Windsor, to rejoice that it is so, and fervently to pray that so it may continue to be through many generations yet to come.

Windsor Castle has been always described as the only royal residence in England ; certainly, it is the only appanage of the crown that can be considered on a par with those regal dwellings in which other European sovereigns reside, or compared with some of the seats of our nobility scattered throughout the several shires. It is in truth a palace worthy of our monarchs, rising proudly on a steep which commands prospects innumerable on all sides. There is perhaps no single spot in our island from which can be obtained so grand an idea of the beauty and the wealth of England :

“ And ye, that from the stately brow,
Of Windsor’s heights th’ expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.”

But the value of Windsor is largely augmented by the associations that connect it with the past. Many of the illustrious names of ten centuries have their records here : here the Order of the Garter was instituted ; Windsor Castle is the temple of the order ; true heroes, many, have been numbered among the “poor knights,” who have still their “convenient lodgings within the walls.” *

* This establishment was formed by Edward III. They were originally called “*Milites Pauperes*,” subsequently “Alms or poor Knights of Windsor,” but are now distinguished only as “military knights of Windsor.” Their number is thirteen of the royal foundation, and five of the foundation of Sir Peter Le Maire, in the reign of James I. There is also an establishment (founded by the will of Mr. James Travers), but not within the walls, for seven naval officers. By one of the early regulations it was declared that “the knights should be elected from gentlemen brought to necessity through adverse fortune, and such as had passed their lives in the service of their prince.” This wholesome

St. George's Chapel is in the lower ward of the castle; it was begun by King Edward IV., the older chapel, founded by Henry I., having gone to decay, as well as that rebuilt by Edward III. The king, determined that his new building should equal any fabrie then in existence, appointed the Bishop of Salisbury to superintend it: so costly and laborious was the work that it was not completed till the reign of Henry VIII., the roof of the choir being the last thing done, in the year 1508. Sir Reginald Bray, the prime-minister to Henry VII., succeeded the Bishop of Salisbury as clerk of the works, and he was a liberal contributor to its completion; his cognizance occurs on several parts of the building. Some remains of the older chapel of Henry III. are still, however, believed to exist on the north side of the dean's cloisters, and at the east end of the chapel behind the altar, where one of the doors is covered with old wrought iron-work of much beauty.

The chapel is the mausoleum of many kings. The earliest buried here was the unfortunate Henry VI.; but his tomb has been long since destroyed, and the royal arms, under an arch, marks the spot where it once stood. In the north aisle is the tomb of Edward IV.; it consists of a simple slab, over which is erected an open screen, highly enriched with Gothic tabernacle-work in iron, which has been gilt. In the year 1789 the vault below was opened, and the skeleton of the king discovered in a plain leaden coffin. In a vault beneath the choir King Henry VIII. lies buried; he has no monument, but one was in course of erection by him when he died, which he directed to be made more stately than the tombs of any of his predecessors. They were all despoiled and destroyed in the great civil war. One of his queens, Jane Seymour, is also buried at Windsor, and so was King Charles I.*

rule has been seldom adhered to until late years. During the sovereignty of Queen Victoria no claims have been regarded except those of merit and service. It is a gratifying sight, and one of which all Englishmen may be rightly proud, to see these gentlemen thus comfortably provided for in their honoured age.

* The tomb-house now used as a royal burial vault was originally designed by Wolsey for himself. It was fitted as a chapel by James II., and, after his abdication, allowed to decay, until George III., in the year 1800, gave orders that it should undergo a thorough repair, in order to be used as a place of interment for himself and family—a purpose to which it has been since dedicated.

St. George's Hall was built by Edward III. as a banqueting-room for the Knights of the Garter, when they met to celebrate the festival of their patron annually at Windsor. The OLD SEAL of the warden and College of the Chapel of St. George, at Windsor, is curious, as depicting the king kneeling to the patron saint of England. It has that minutiae of detail which gives so much interest to these early works. At this time the festival was celebrated with tournay and processional display; many noble foreigners were invited to be present, and the utmost splendour of feudal pomp was lavished on the ceremony. For more than two centuries feasts of this kind were annually held at Windsor. The new statutes of the order, made by Henry VIII., precluded the necessity of holding the great feast here; and in the reign of Elizabeth it was arranged to be held wherever the court happened to be. So showy were these displays, that knights-companions were allowed to bring fifty followers; and admission to the order has always been considered one of the highest honours an English sovereign can bestow. Their number (exclusive of foreign princes) is limited to twenty-five. The stalls of the sovereign and the knights-companions of the Garter are situated in the choir of St. George's Chapel. Each stall is enriched with carving, and behind is the armorial bearings of each knight, and above the silken banner emblazoned with his arms. The royal stall is on the right of the entrance, and is distinguished by a larger banner of velvet, mantled with silk.

Of the Order of the Garter, Selden says:—"It exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world," and has "precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour of that kind



EDWARD III. AND ST. GEORGE.

anywhere established." Of course a chivalric institution of the middle ages, so entirely adapted to the knight-errantry then practised, has lost much of its meaning and use in modern times—it is now simply a distinction ; but it is the noblest the sovereigns of these realms can bestow, and among the brotherhood are enrolled the names of sovereigns of other kingdoms, who willingly admit the honour accorded by such companionship. The origin of the order is still involved in doubt. The recent historians of Windsor, whose work we have several times quoted, tell us, "the annals of the institution, the chroniclers of the time, and the public records, do not afford the slightest information on the subject ; and although some writers on the order have treated with contempt the romantic incident to which its extraordinary symbol has been ascribed, they have neither succeeded in showing its absurdity, nor suggested a more probable theory. The popular account is, that during a festival at court, a lady happened to drop her garter, which was taken up by King Edward ; who, observing a significant smile among the bystanders, exclaimed with some displeasure, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense'—Shame to him who thinks ill of it.' In the spirit of gallantry which belonged no less to the age than to his own disposition, conformably to the custom of wearing a lady's favour, and perhaps to prevent any further impertinence, the king is said to have placed the garter round his own knee."

But greatest among all the many attractions of Windsor Castle are, perhaps, those which are presented to the visitor by the views he obtains from the terraces, or any of the adjacent heights, and especially from the battlements of "the Round Tower,"—

" Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and silver streams."

He stands in the centre of a panorama of unequalled beauty, and he is, as he ought to be, proud of his country. Look where he will, some object of deep and exciting interest meets his eye. Immediately beneath him, and seeming as if part of the grand demesne, is Eton, with its many associations of the present and the past, and fertile in hopes of the future. Here Wellington learned his first lessons in war ; here, in his boyhood,

the victory of Waterloo was fought and won ; here William Pitt, and here also his great father, were the embryo pilots who steered "the ship" through the storm ; here Bolingbroke, Camden, Walpole, Fielding, Boyle, Fox, Porson, Canning, and a host of other immortal men, laid the foundations of that renown which became the glory of their country. Farther on is Slough, where, in a comparatively humble dwelling, the Herschels held communion with the stars. Yet a little farther is the churchyard in which Gray lies,—that of "STOKE POGIS,"—beneath the tomb he erected to his mother and his aunt ; it is the square tomb seen



STOKE POGIS CHURCH.

in our cut, and is without his name upon it, but a plain tablet on the wall records that "opposite this stone, in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent," his remains were deposited, August, 1771. The churchyard is well worthy

of a pilgrimage—it is a pleasant field-walk of about two miles from Slough, and retains many features alluded to in the famous “Elegy.” Still nearer Windsor is the ivy-covered tower of UPTON, which is very ancient, and bears traces of Norman workmanship. It is believed by many to have been the one the poet had in mind, if not in eye, while writing. It certainly accords better than that at Stoke Pogis with his description—it is, and has been for centuries, “ivy-mantled.” Upton was one of his early haunts; the gloomy character of the church and



THE IVY-MANTLED TOWER.

neighbourhood in twilight must have been well suited to the thoughts of the poet in this his most popular work. In the distance are the hills and woods that shadow the cottage in which Milton wrote; the mansion in which Edmund Waller and Edmund Burke lived and died; and the little graveyard of “the Friends,” where William Penn is at rest.

Iver, Langley, Bulstrode, Dropmore, Burnham, and Dorney—places honoured in history and cherished in letters—will be pointed out to those who examine the rich landscape in this direction. Looking eastward and southward, other historic sites, and other examples of beautiful

scenery, come within ken. On a level with the eye is a range of hills—St. Leonard's Hill, Highstanding Hill, Priest's Hill, and Cooper's Hill; while farther eastward are St. Anne's Hill, and St. George's Hill. At St. Leonard's Hill dwelt "for a season" the Earl of Chatham, "the great father of a greater son;" there, too, is Binfield, where Pope "lisped in numbers,"—

"First in these fields he tried the sylvan strain;"

under the trees of Windsor Forest, in his boyhood, he conned his lessons, accompanied by his tutor, an old French Roman Catholic priest. Cooper's Hill overlooks Runnymede, commemorated in the beautiful verse of Denham—

"Here his first lays majestic Denham sang;"

while St. Anne's Hill looks down on the town of Chertsey, where dwelt in calm retirement, after seasons of exciting labour and thought, Charles James Fox, and where

"The last accents flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

Gazing up "the Long Walk,"—that noble tree-avenue of three miles,—the visitor sees the statue of George IV., a colossal work, standing on a rock, and placed on a mound; from this point we obtain a peep into the ancient glades, and contemplate those venerable sovereigns of the forest, who wore their green leaves in glory when the Conqueror was at Hastings.

To enumerate half the places seen from Windsor Castle, and which time, circumstance, and some heroic or grateful memory have rendered famous, would occupy pages of our tour. We may not forget, however, that the sight is often cheered and gratified while wandering over the view from "Windsor's heights" by those well-managed and productive "farms," which, under the personal care of the good Prince Albert, were made examples and lessons to the English gentleman.

But to the present age, and the existing generation, the castle at Windsor is suggestive of holier and happier feelings than those we derive from the past. The most superb of our palaces is accepted as a model for the home of the humblest, as of the highest, British subject; the lowliest in position, as well as the loftiest in rank, deriving their best example from those graces and virtues which are adornments of the

proudest mansion of the realm. And not alone is this “home” pre-eminent for domestic happiness: the personal character of the Sovereign, and that of her illustrious Consort,* influence every class and order of society; they are the patrons of all improvements for the good of their country; all its charities are helped and forwarded by them; under their just and considerate rule, at a time when every state in Europe was



HERNE'S OAK: THE EARLIER.

in peril, there was no disaffection at home: loyalty has become the easiest of English duties; those who teach the present generation the old and venerated lesson, “Fear God and honour the Queen,” have to contend against no prejudice, to reason down no opposing principle, to overcome no conscientious scruples that rational liberty is abridged by earnest and devoted homage to the Crown. It is the universal heart of her kingdom which utters the “common” prayer—“that God will

* We have not changed these remarks; although, since they were first printed, “the good Prince Albert” has been removed from earth: his influence remains; and, in a hundred ways, continues to benefit the country, of which he was, for many years, so great a blessing.

with favour behold our most gracious sovereign lady Queen Victoria ; endow her plenteously with heavenly gifts ; grant her in health and wealth long to live, and strengthen her that she may vanquish and overcome all her enemies."

The "Little Park," so ealled because of its immediate contiguity to the castle, and to distinguish it from the "Great Park," is deseribed as



HERNE'S OAK.

about four miles in eircumferenee ; it derives interest, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, as the scene of those revels whieh Shakspere has described in his "Merry Wives of Windsor." And here was the famous tree—"Herne's Oak"—round whieh "the hunter," "sometime a keeper here," was doomed to walk "all the winter time." The veritable tree was cut down by an unfortunate mistake at the close of the past century. Ireland, in his picturesque views of the Thames, published in 1792, describes it as then standing, and gives an engraving of it, which we eopy.

From the parks at Windsor we are naturally led to some consideration of Windsor Forest: there is nothing of its class in the kingdom more entirely beautiful,—in a word, it is worthy of the magnificent castle to which it is attached. Although now of comparatively limited extent, it was “anciently” among the largest forests of the kingdom.* “It comprised a part of Buckinghamshire, as well as a considerable district of Surrey,



WICKLIFF'S OAK.

and ranged over the south-eastern part of Berkshire, as far as Hungerford.” In Surrey it included Chertsey, and its eastern boundary is said to be marked by an aged oak-tree, still standing, at Addlestone, and under the boughs of which tradition states that Wickliff preached. The reader will, no doubt, be gratified if we submit to him a picture of that tree also.

Leaving the bridge that connects Windsor with Eton,—the Castle to the right, in Berkshire, and the College to the left, in Buckinghamshire,—we pass a long and narrow and prettily wooded ait, Romney Island, so well known to Etonians, and dear also to brethren of the angle,—for here good old Izaak passed many pleasant days of spring and summer with his

* One of the most beautiful spots in Windsor Forest is “the Heronry;” the birds are still numerous there. It lies in the vicinity of the red brick tower at the western extremity of the park. The neighbouring scenery strongly calls to mind the sylvan descriptions in “As You Like It.” It is probable that Shakspere derived many of his ideas of forest scenery from Windsor Forest.

beloved friends, Cotton, Donne, and that great and excellent man, Sir Henry Wotton, appointed by James I. Provost of Eton, "as the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and afford rest to his body and mind," after his busy life as an ambassador. We may fancy the four high and pure souls luxuriating under the shadows of refreshing trees, their simple enjoyments augmented by rare converse concerning Nature and her works:



WINDSOR LOCK.

kindly, and loving, and gentle hearts; all in their decline (for Sir Henry was sixty when he took orders and office there), yet fresh and green, and *young* in age; each illustrating that passage which he who was "*chiefest*" among them so sweetly and so truly wrote:—

" This man is free from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands—
And having nothing, yet hath all."

We soon pass through WINDSOR LOCK, still lonely and retired, although so much of business and bustle is close at hand.

Under the railway bridge of the Great Western we then row, between another ait—"Blackpott's"—and "the Home Park," until we arrive at VICTORIA BRIDGE, a new and exceedingly graceful structure, which connects Windsor with the pretty and picturesque village of Datchet. The bridge, which has its companion a mile or so lower down the stream—the Albert Bridge—was built in 1851 from the design of Thomas Page, Esq., civil engineer, the acting engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and the builder of Westminster Bridge. "Datchet Mead" is the name given to the lowland on the banks of the Thames between the river and the Little Park. It is the scene of Falstaff's adventure in the buck-basket, and



VICTORIA BRIDGE.

"the muddy ditch close by the Thames' side" existed until the time of Anne, when it was converted into a covered drain, and known as Hoghole. The embankment raised to form the approach to this new bridge destroyed the last vestige of this hole, together with the small brick arch over it. The scenery above this bridge is very charming—quiet lawns, rich woods, and the noble castle, meeting the eye on all sides. Passing other pleasant places, and some graceful islets, which give their charms to the river scenery, we arrive at Old Windsor.

Old Windsor—as the village is still called, although Windsor proper has gradually lost its prefix of "New," by which it is distinguished in all earlier documents, and by which it is indeed even now "officially"

described—was formerly a place “of consequence.” At the Conquest it contained a hundred houses, “twenty-two of which were exempt from taxes—out of the rest there went thirty shillings.” It was a manor belonging to the Saxon kings, and they are conjectured to have had a palace here from a very early period. A few serfs and swineherds dwelt in straggling huts near the old palace or manor-house of the Saxon kings at Old Windsor, tending their swine in the woods, which, stretching southwards and westwards, formed the outskirts of the Royal Forest of Windsor. It is certain that Edward the Confessor some time kept his court here, and it was that sovereign who presented the manor to the Abbot of Westminster, to increase the wealth of the monastery he had there founded. The site of the palace at Old Windsor is not known with certainty. A farm-house, which until recently stood west of the church and near the river, surrounded by a moat, probably marked the site. Scarcely raised above the level of the Thames, which flows close to it and supplied the moat with water, the palace had no natural defence, and was used rather as a convenient spot for hunting and hawking than as a place of strength. When the Conqueror was firmly fixed upon the throne, he obtained the land from the monastery in exchange, and commenced building the Castle of Windsor on the elevation in the vicinity so peculiarly adapted for the site of a castle, according to the established rule of these defences. But the palace at Old Windsor was not deserted by royalty until long after the Castle was built. The probability is, that this castle was a simple military defence, and had no conveniency for residence until Henry I. completed, in 1110, additional buildings, and royally opened his home at Whitsuntide; after which we hear little of Old Windsor, except that the manor passed into a variety of hands, by whom it was held from the king by the service of finding a man with lance and dart to attend the royal army. Since the fourteenth century it has been held on lease under the crown.

Perhaps there are not so many dwellings in Old Windsor now as there were when the Norman took possession of England: and naturally and rationally preferring the height to the dell—to overlook the Thames rather than submit to its occasional inundations—commenced the fortress that

has endured for eight centuries and a half, without having encountered any of those “battles, sieges, fortunes,” to which so many other “strong places” have succumbed. Yet in Old Windsor there is nothing old; we search in vain for any indications of antiquity; there is no “bit of ruin” to carry association back; if we except the venerable CHURCH, which is not, however, of very early date, and is rather picturesque than beautiful.

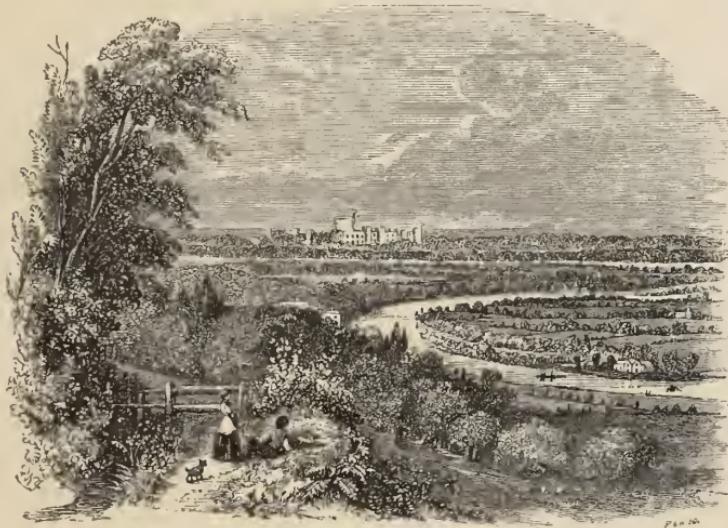
In the churchyard was buried that unhappy lady—fair and frail—who, as an actress and an author, obtained some share of notoriety at the close of the past century, and who was celebrated by the name of “Perdita,” from her clever impersonation of that character in Shakspere’s



OLD WINDSOR CHURCH.

“Winter’s Tale.” A tomb covers her remains, but it is overgrown with nettles: there have been none, for half a century and more, to care for the last resting-place of unhappy “Mary Robinson.” There are some other graves of interest in this lonely graveyard, but none of men or women of note; but the rude forefathers of the hamlet have been laid there during many centuries.

A mile or so from Old Windsor, and we enter the county of Surrey, on the right bank — Buckinghamshire remaining with us some way farther on its left; the two great metropolitan counties then continuing on either side until, east of London, they meet the shires of Essex and Kent. The first object that arrests the eye of the tourist is the spire of the church at Egham; but his attention is soon directed to an object of even greater interest—COOPER'S HILL. The hill is indebted for much of its fame to the poem of “majestic Denham;” it has other, and earlier, claims to distinction: although little more than “a steep,” its slopes are gradual and ever green: it is beautifully planted—perhaps was always



VIEW FROM COOPER'S HILL.

so—in parts; and is now crowned by charming villas, lawns, and gardens: it was, however, altogether a poetical fancy which thus pictured it—

“his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—
The common fate of all that's high and great.”

Denham, although born in Dublin, where his father was some time Chief

Baron of the Exchequer, was “native” to this neighbourhood: here his ancestors lived and were buried. At Egham Church there are several monuments to their memory: his own dust reposes in Westminster Abbey. If he bestowed celebrity on Cooper’s Hill, he derived hence the greater portion of his fame: the poem was published at Oxford in 1643, during the war between the King and the Parliament; its popularity was rapid, and has endured to our own time. Dryden described it as “the exact standard of good writing;” and “Denham’s strength” was lauded by Pope.

But Cooper’s Hill has an advantage greater even than that it derives from the poem—

“The eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;”

for at its foot is immortal Runnymede, and midway in its stream is the little island on which, it is said, John, the king, yielded to the barons, who there dictated to the tyrant terms that asserted and secured the liberties of their country. Runnymede is still a plain level field, unbroken by either house or barn, or wall or hedge. We know not if by any tenure it has the right to be ever green; but we have always seen it during many years as a fair pasture—upon which to-day, as seven centuries ago, an army might assemble.

The small ait or island—**MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND**—is situate midway between Runnymede and Ankerwyke—now a modern mansion of the Harcourts, but once a nunnery, founded by Sir Gilbert de Montfichet and his son, in the reign of Henry II. Even the walls are all gone; but some ancient trees remain, under one of which tradition states the eighth Henry met and wooed the beautiful and unfortunate Anne Boleyn.

It is a mooted point whether the barons held the island, or the king selected it as the place where the eventful meeting was to take place. In Tighe and Davis’s “Annals of Windsor,” the name of Runnymede, which the field then bore, and still retains, is said to be derived from *Rün* and *mede*, signifying in Anglo-Saxon, the Council Meadow. It is probable, therefore, that Edward the Confessor occasionally held his

witan or council there during his residence at Old Windsor, and that the barons chose the ait as well on account of its previous association with those very rights they met to assert, as because it was a convenient distance from Windsor, sufficiently near for the king, but far enough removed to prevent any treacherous surprise by his forces. The early



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

historians, indeed, expressly assert that the spot was chosen by the barons, the king, according to some, having suggested Windsor as the place of meeting. According to local tradition, the conference took

place and the charter was signed on a little island in the river near Ankerwyke, and opposite the meadow, and now called Magna Charta Island. The Charter bears date June 15, 1215. It is certain that John “took refuge in Windsor Castle in 1215, as a place of security against the growing power of the barons;” nor did he quit the protection its walls afforded him until after the signing of Magna Charta. The result of this great political gathering is one of the events in the world’s history. Hence, as Hume but coldly writes, “very important liberties and privileges were either granted or secured to every order of men in the kingdom: to the clergy, to the barons, and to the people.”

A little below Ankerwyke, the Coln, which divides the counties of Buckingham and Middlesex, joins the Thames. The river rises near the small market town of Chesham, Bucks, and, passing by Cherreys, waters the town of Rickmansworth, Herts, reaches Uxbridge, flows by the once famous village of Iver, refreshes the villages of Drayton and Harmondsworth, and, gathering strength, “goeth,” to borrow from old Leland, “through goodly meadows to Colnbrook, and so to the Thames.”

There is little to interest the voyager after he leaves this interesting neighbourhood, gradually losing sight of Cooper’s Hill, until he approaches Staines.

And at that ancient town we soon arrive;—its bridge and its church-steeple are in sight; but before we reach them there is an object standing on one of the aits that claims our especial attention. We must step ashore to examine it, for it is the BOUNDARY STONE of the City of London; and here its jurisdiction ends—or did end, we should rather say, for by a recent enactment all its rights and privileges, as regard the river Thames, were transferred to “a Commission.” It is to be hoped that the “improving” spirit of the age will not proceed so far as to remove this ancient boundary mark; but that the inscription it still retains—“God preserve the City of London”—will be uttered as a fervent prayer by generations yet to come: for, of a truth, upon the prosperity of the metropolis of England depends the welfare of the kingdom.

Staines—or, as it is written in old records, Stanes—is on the Middlesex side of the river,—a busy and populous town, with a venerable and picturesque church. A handsome bridge connects it with the county of Surrey, from whence there are direct roads to Windsor, Egham, and Chertsey. This bridge was erected in 1832, George Rennie being the engineer. It was opened in state by their Majesties King William IV. and Queen Adelaide. “The bridge consists principally of three extremely flat, segmental arches of granite, the middle arch being of seventy-four feet span, and the lateral ones sixty-six feet each; there are also two adjoining semicircular arches, each ten feet in the span,



THE BOUNDARY STONE.

for towing-paths. Besides these, there are six brick arches of twenty feet in the span, two on the Surrey side and four in Middlesex, to admit the water to flow off during land-floods.” Our engraving is taken from “above bridge,” and underneath one of the arches is seen the comfortable little inn, “The Swan,” well known to all brethren of the angler’s craft.

Staines was the site of one of the earliest bridges in England. The

Roman road to the west crossed the Thames here, and the Roman station at this place is called in the Itinerary of Antoninus, *Pontes*, so that even then there was a bridge across the river. The Roman bridges

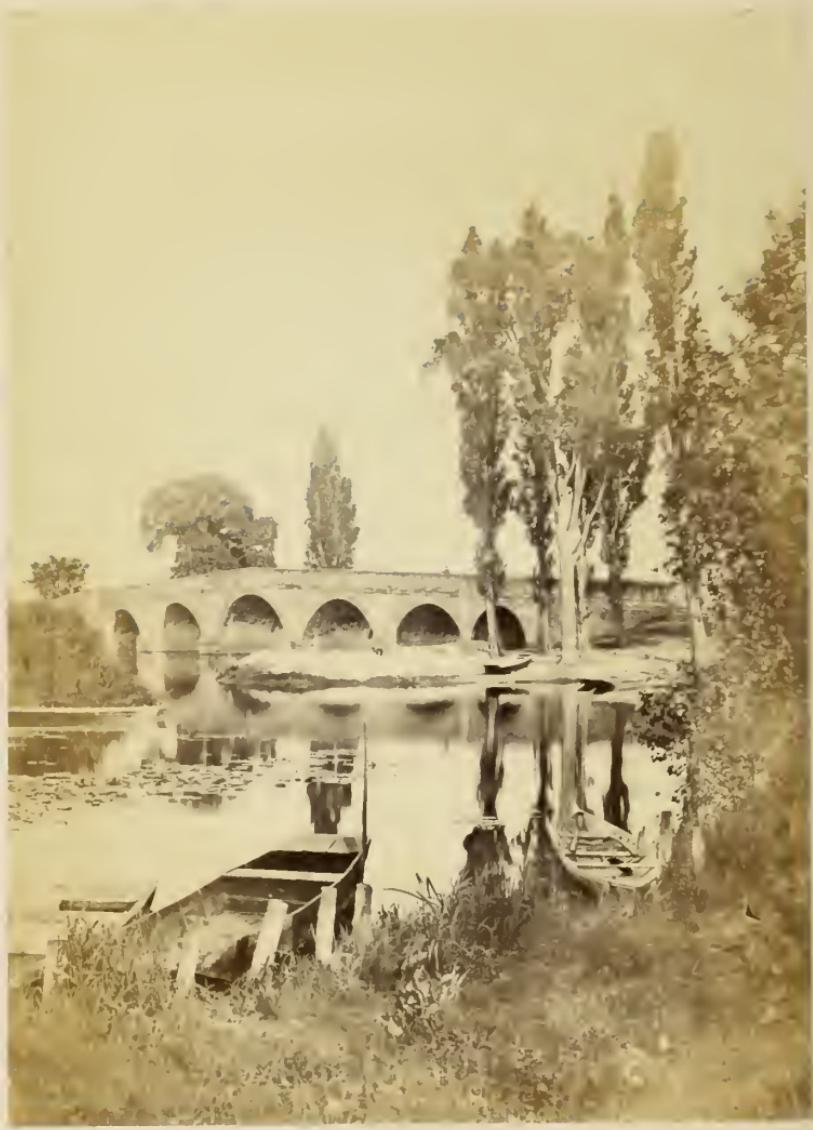


STAINES BRIDGE.

in England seem to have been most commonly wooden, supported on stone piers.

The river proceeds hence between low banks, which are frequently inundated during winter, until we reach the lock at "Penty-Hook"—Penton-Hook—an artificial passage by which boats are enabled to avoid a "long round" of a mile or so.

From Penty-Hook there is nothing to interest the voyager until he reaches the pretty FERRY AT LALEHAM. He may, if he pleases, step ashore at the clean and neat ferry-house here pictured, and either dine on the bank, or in one of the small rooms, to which access is readily obtained. In any case he will do well to look about him. The steeple



CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

of a church adds its eloquent grace to a pleasing although flat landscape : it is the church at Laleham. On the opposite side is the square tower of Chertsey Church. Cattle are feeding on the luxuriant grass in Chertsey Mead, or cooling themselves in the shallow stream ; the ferry-boat is conveying foot passengers only, for the river here is not deep, and a mounted traveller may cross it, swimming merely the small "bit" that forms the channel of the barges. Rising just above him is St. Anne's Hill —so long the happy and quiet home of Charles James Fox, and now the property of his descendant, Lord Holland. Looking eastward, he has in



LALEHAM FERRY.

view the wooded rise of Woburn, and farther on that of Oatlands. Immediately beside the banks, however, there is nothing to claim attention until he arrives at Chertsey Lock, right under which, apparently (for there is here a fall of some magnitude), is CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

Here we may rest awhile, and resume our voyage downward, admiring, as we pass, the pleasant woods and wooded heights of Woburn, and welcoming another of the river's many tributaries—the Wey, which joins the Thames a mile or so below the bridge at Chertsey. The Wey rises in Hampshire, about a mile from Alton—"famous for ale." It

passes through Farnham, Godalming, Guildford, Woking, Byfleet, and Weybridge, where it is joined by a small streamlet—the Bourne, and also by the Basingstoke Canal.

The Wey enters the Thames at a mill in the curve of the stream, but the ordinary course for boats is to the lock at Shepperton. The woody grounds of Oatlands now begin to rise on the right, and a short distance to the left is SHEPPERTON CHURCH and village.

The distance to Shepperton by water from Chertsey Bridge is about four miles; but the direct way by land is not more than a mile and



CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

a quarter. Another turn of the river brings us to Lower Halliford. The river is now free of any striking feature until we approach the long bridge at Walton: the village is half a mile inland, and hidden from view. At a sharp turn of the river before we reach the bridge is Coway Stakes.

Before we pass under the bridge at Walton, we are called upon to leave the boat, and walk a brief distance to visit the village and the church: both are full of interest. In the village is the house of the

President Bradshaw; at Ashley Park, not far distant, the Protector is said to have some time resided; at Hersham, in the vicinity, lived William Lilly, the astrologer,—

“A cunning man, hyght Sidrophel,
That deals in Destiny’s dark counsels,
And sage opinions of the moon sells,”—

and his remains lie in WALTON CHURCH.

After leaving Walton, we pass between low lands for the distance of about two miles, and arrive at SUNBURY—a pretty village on the



SHEPPERTON CHURCH.

Middlesex side. There is a weir of considerable length, and lower down a lock: the lock has been recently constructed on “scientific principles”—the waters being raised and lowered by machinery, but the effect of the “improvement” is to embarrass and delay the voyager.

Flat and uninteresting are the meadows that stretch away from the Surrey bank of the Thames, as we voyage below Sunbury. Tall osiers, for the most part, shut out all distant views from the water. The villages of West and East Moulsey succeed in their turn. Between the former village and the river lies the low open tract, or common, known as Moulsey Hurst, and memorable chiefly in the annals of pugilistic

encounters and horse-racing. East Moulsey has very rapidly increased during the last few years. Fine trees have disappeared, and rows of genuine suburban residences have sprung up in their places. A new church of an agreeable aspect has been added to the group, near the Hurst; and opposite to the Palace of Hampton Court, a station of the railway, and a cluster of hotels have established themselves. The old



WALTON CHURCH.

church of East Moulsey is small, and belongs altogether to a period in which Moulsey itself was simply a country village, and had not yet risen to the dignity of a metropolitan railway station.

Situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, the village of Hampton rises from the river's edge, and its long series of villas, with their orderly-looking trees and well-kept gardens, with here and there a fishing cottage peering from beneath thick masses of overhanging foliage, skirt the stream.

From the New Hampton road Bushy Park extends to Kingston and Teddington, and for the space of half a mile it reaches almost to the

river's side, below the Hampton Villas. Of these residences the most striking is "GARRICK'S VILLA," once the property and the favourite residence of the great master of histrionic art. The garden, like its neighbours, abuts upon the river; but the house stands beyond the road, and, consequently, it is separated from the water-side part of its grounds: a communication, however, suggested by Dr. Johnson, exists in the form of a very picturesque short tunnel under the road. Here, beneath a weeping



SUNBURY.

willow that droops gracefully into the water, stands "the Grecian rotunda, with an Ionic portico" (it is really a little octagonal water-side summer-house), which in Garrick's time gave shelter to Roubiliac's statue of Shakspere, that has since been promoted to the Hall of the British Museum.

The river bends slightly towards the south as its flows eastward, before it changes its course below Hampton Court for a northerly direction. More than one small island divides the stream at Hampton, and many are the fishing-rods that may be here seen patiently extended over the beautiful forget-me-nots, and other flowering plants which are grouped with the thick rushes and bending willows. As we advance, we approach

a second series of water-side residences,—the murmuring sound of the “overshot,” or weir, of the lock, becomes more distinct,—and our boat enters and passes through “Moulsey Lock,” the last but one on the Thames. The banks are low on both sides of the river in this locality: it would not seem as if the neighbourhood were healthy, yet it is by no means otherwise; “the all-bountiful father” carrying with him perpetual “freshness.” Under Hampton Bridge we float, and in another minute we



GARRICK'S VILLA.

have landed close to the principal entrance to the PALACE OF HAMPTON COURT. From the bridge itself, the view both up and down the stream exhibits English scenery in its highest perfection. But we hasten on to the Palace, passing a row of shops, hotels, and dwelling-houses. “Hampton Green” opens out before us, stretching away to our left, where it is bounded by a small cavalry barrack. In front of us are more houses, and immediately beyond them appear the noble hawthorns and horse-chestnuts of Bushy Park. This “Green,” in the olden time, was the tilting-ground; it is now the scene of much holiday merry-making during summer months. The palace stables stand

between the Green and the river. Here also are a few tolerable houses, of which more than one promises the best of "entertainment," "provided at the shortest notice," for visitors of all classes and of all tastes.

The palace is shut off from the Green by a long and massive wall of dark-red bricks, having in front of it a broad walk, now deeply shadowed with noble elms and chestnuts, leading from the river to Bushy Park. This was a favourite promenade with Mary, the consort of William III.;



ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON COURT.

and here, also, the Low Country maids of honour and other ladies, who in those days graced with their presence the English court, might continually be seen. Hence the place obtained the popular name of the "*Frau Walk*," which has since degenerated into the "*Frog Walk*," by which it is now known.

The associations of "Royal Hampton's pile," which throng thickly upon our minds, are not interwoven with deeds of chivalrous valour or of military renown. "The o'er-great cardinal" and his unscrupulous master rise before us; then come visions of the unfortunate

Charles, of phlegmatic William, of decorous Anne, and of the first George with his broken English. Rich, indeed, is the palace of Hampton Court in materials for a domestic history of almost unparalleled interest. We can but glance at the more salient points in the sketch for such a history.

In the time of Henry III. the manor of Hampton ("Hamntone" it is written in the Domesday Survey) was held by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and from them Wolsey obtained a lease for the purpose of building on the site of the old manor-house his stately palace. The works were commenced about the year 1515, and they were urged on with such rapidity that the cardinal shortly after made Hampton his residence, or, as Skelton would have it, he held his "court" there. The splendours of Hampton Court when in the hands of Wolsey speedily produced that dangerous "envy" which in 1526 induced him to present his palace with all its sumptuous furniture to the king. Henry VIII. accepted the gift without hesitation; and, in return, graciously "licensed the lord cardinal to lie in his royal manor at Richmond at his pleasure;" also permitting him occasionally to occupy Hampton Court itself. In 1527, Montmorency, the French ambassador, was received at Hampton Court in such a style that the Frenchmen did "not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report of it in their own country."

The great hall was built by Henry VIII., after the palace had come into his possession, and he added other buildings to the pile, "till it became more like a small city than a house." With his characteristic selfishness, he also afforested the country around, converting a wide tract of the adjoining lands into a chace, which he stocked with deer. Henry spent much of his time at Hampton Court. There Edward VI. was born, and there Jane Seymour died. With Edward himself Hampton Court was a favourite residence, and so it continued to be during several succeeding reigns. James I. held there the "conference" of 1604. Many of both his happier and his most anxious days were spent there by Charles I. In 1656 Cromwell purchased it, and made it his principal abode. It was in equal favour with Charles II. after the Restoration;

James II. resided there less habitually; William III. and Anne may be said to have made it their home. The first and second Georges followed in the steps of their predecessors in so far as Hampton Court is concerned. But since their time a change has come upon what Lord Hervey (Pope's "Lord Fanny") was pleased to call the "unchanging circle of Hampton Court." The state apartments and the hall are thrown open freely to the public; and the rest of the palace is arranged to form a series of residences for families who may be considered to have claims upon their Sovereign and their country. Her Majesty the Queen is known to feel a warm interest in Hampton Court, and the appointments to the residences in the palace are made expressly by the royal command.

The palace originally consisted of five principal quadrangular courts, but of these three only now remain. To these, however, must be added a variety of offices, and many ranges of subordinate buildings. The first and second courts are for the most part remains of the original palace, with the exception of very questionable classic additions in the second court and the great hall of Henry VIII. The third court is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and is a dull and heavy affair. The hall has lately undergone a complete restoration, which has been thoroughly well done: the grand open timber roof, the finely-proportioned windows with their brilliant new heraldic glazing by Willement, the showy array of banners, the groups of armour, and the quaint and still bright-hued tapestry, all combine to realise the most romantic vision of a palatial hall. Adjoining the hall is a truly appropriate withdrawing room.

To the state apartments we ascend by the "king's staircase," at an angle of the second court. A series of wretched allegories cover the walls and ceilings of this staircase: they are the work of Verrio.* We first enter the "guard-chamber," where there are some

* Verrio was one of the most famed of a school of artists, who, in accordance with a taste generated at the court of Louis XIV., covered the walls and ceilings of English mansions with enormous allegorical pictures. He has been immortalised by Pope in the lines descriptive of "Timon Villa":—

"On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

curious weapons of by-gone days. Here commences the miscellaneous collection of pictures, some originals, others copies, many curious and valuable, and more equally uninteresting and worthless, which cover the walls of the long range of noble rooms. There are a few relics of the state furniture also here, and a considerable quantity of fine china.

From many of the windows there are charming views of the gardens



HAMPTON COURT: GARDEN FRONT.

and the park. With these views we now hasten to form a more intimate acquaintance. We descend by a different staircase, and passing along the colonnades of the "fountain court," we enter the gardens. They are admirably kept, and their formality is both characteristic and pleasing. There is a fountain in a circular basin opposite to the centre of Wren's façade; and here are a brilliant throng of such gold and silver fish as might have satisfied Wolsey himself with their size and their lustrous hues. The gardens extend from the river to Bushy Park. In front of the palace, and also reaching to the Thames as it sweeps onward to Kingston, lies the "Home Park," with its splendid trees,

noble deer, formal sheet of water, and the picturesque lodge of the ranger. A noble terrace-walk passes in front of the palace, and on reaching the river it is continued at right angles to its former course, and parallel with the stream; here, between the terrace and the "Home Park," are some fine specimens of wrought-iron work; the best of the works have, however, been removed to South Kensington. Returning towards the palace, we observe the bell that summons the attendant gardener who has the charge of the "private garden."

The garden is well worthy a visit. It affords some fine views of the palace, and it also contains the famed "vine," which fills its ample hot-house, and displays such a collection of clusters as it is probable never elsewhere hung upon a single tree.* We return to the open gardens, and walk past the palace. Leaving behind us a newly-built tower, we



THE MAZE.

enter the "wilderness," a thickly-planted space to the north of the main edifice, where some of the finest trees in England are grouped together.† At the extremity of this wilderness is the "MAZE."‡ We need no guide to lead us to the entrance that tempts all visitors to explore the intricacies within; for more than one of the pleasure-seekers of the day is there before us, and their laughter is by no means kept within the hedges of the maze, though it does not transgress beyond the bounds of moderation. And this remark leads us to observe that the great boon of free

* This vine produces the grapes called the Black Hamburgh; it spreads over a surface of 110 feet, and in some seasons has yielded more than 2,500 bunches of grapes.

† This wilderness was planted by King William III., with a view to hide the irregularities of the north side of the palace, where the old domestic offices were situated.

‡ This is a curious relic of the ancient taste in gardening, and was planted in the reign of William III. It consists of narrow walks between tall clipped bushes, which wind intricately to the open space in the centre. There is only one way by which it may be reached, and any deviation leads to a stoppage and a necessity for retracing the path.

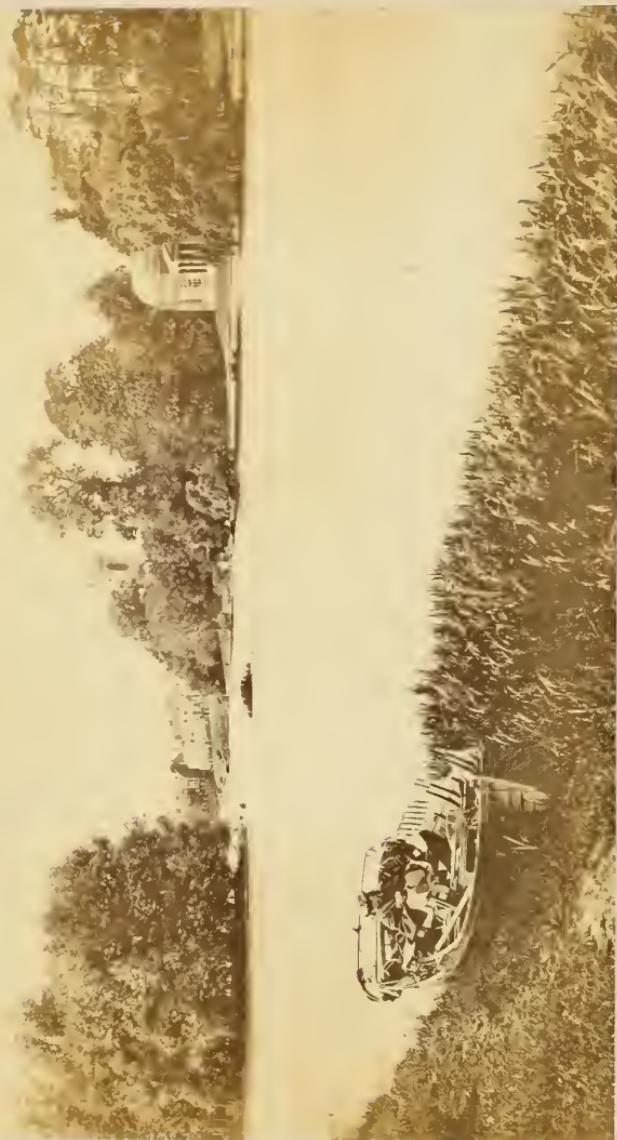
public access to Hampton Court Palace and Gardens is thoroughly appreciated by the public.

From the "Maze" we cross over the Kingston Road into Bushy Park, passing through a cluster of hotels, lodging-houses, and private residences. Famous are the horse-chestnuts and thorn-trees of Bushy, but fame has done them no more than justice. The thorns are supposed to have given its name to the park. The fern here is picturesque, and the deer abound on every side. Some of them are very tame; so much so that they will even eat from the hands of visitors who, in the summer season, assemble for a sylvan repast beneath the trees. There is a public drive across the park to Teddington, and more than one foot-path promises a delightful walk to the pedestrian. Opposite the principal entrance, in the great avenue, is the "Diana" fountain, which stands in the midst of a large circular piece of water, and exercises its vocation after a very agreeable manner. The lodge and the stables of Bushy are separate buildings, and though rather extensive, they do not claim any special notice,—except, indeed, to state that the former was the favourite residence of William IV. and good Queen Adelaide.

Bushy Park must be regarded as forming an integral part of the royal domain of Hampton Court. Having traversed its pathways, and rested in the shades of its trees, we retrace our steps to the palace, and returning through its courts to the river where our boat awaits us, we set forth on our voyage downward. The first object that attracts our notice is the junction of the "silent mole" with the waters of the Thames. This tributary, itself produced by the union of a numerous series of small streams and brooks, some of which rise in Sussex, and others in Surrey, assumes the importance of a river near Reigate, in the latter county, from whence its course lies in a north-westerly direction. Winding amidst the lovely scenery of central Surrey, the Mole flows on past Dorking, Leatherhead, and Cobham; and then, taking its leave of bold hills and rich woods and ancestral mansions, it hastens through the flat region of the Moleseys towards the Thames.

We glide swiftly along between the Home Park and the pretty village

HAMPTON.



of Thames Ditton. Once again we find ourselves amidst a flotilla of punts, and great is the amount of serious fishing we observe to be going on. On our right some small willow-bearing islands attract notice, and we learn that these are spots famous in the history of Thames picnic parties—so famous, indeed, that during the summer season they vie with Bushy Park itself as scenes of much happy and harmless enjoyment of this description. We pass the islands, and land on the Surrey bank of



THE SWAN AT DITTON.

the river, with the view of improving our acquaintance with Ditton. In the Domesday Book it is stated that “Wadard holds of the Bishop (of Bayeux) *Ditone*, in the hundred of Kingstone;” and it included the rich manors of Cleygate and Weston—the former belonging to the abbots of Westminster, the latter to the nuns of Barking. The church is “of remote origin, but has been greatly altered at different times, and enlarged by additional erections.” It contains some remarkable tombs and brasses, most of them of a late period. Our print exhibits the long-famous inn, “THE SWAN;” and the stately mansion—“Boyle Farm”—the residence of Lord St. Leonard’s. “The Swan” is, as we

have said, "famous," but only in the records of the angler. Time out of mind, Thames Ditton has been in favour with the punt-fisher, not alone because sport was always abundant there,—its pretty aits, close beds of rushes, and overhanging osiers being nurseries of fish,—but because the river is especially charming "hereabouts," and there are many associations connected with the fair scenery that greatly augment its interest to those who enjoy the recreation of the "contemplative man."

Esher is about two miles from Thames Ditton; but those who voyage the Thames will surely pay a visit to this village, charming for its scenery, and deeply interesting from its associations.

There is little to attract the voyager between Ditton and Kingston. The banks of the river are on both sides low, generally bordered with rushes, with occasional aits, on which grow the "sallys" which supply so many of the basket-makers of London.

Kingston is among the oldest of English towns; and is said to have been "the metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon kings." It is difficult to say what is meant by "metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon kings." The metropolis of the kings of Wessex, to whom Kingston belonged, is always understood to have been Winchester. But the kings would not necessarily be crowned there, as that ceremony might take place anywhere within the boundaries of their kingdom. Kingston seems, however, to have been a famous place when the Romans found and conquered the Britons in this locality. Some writers have advanced arguments for believing that the "ford" which Cæsar crossed was here, and not at Walton; and indications of barrows, fosses, and ramparts of Roman origin, are to be found in many places in the neighbourhood. It is more than probable that a bridge was here constructed by the Romans. The Saxons followed in due course, and here they had many contests with their enemies the Danes; but A.D. 838, Egbert convened at Kingston an assembly of ecclesiastics and nobles in council,* and here, undoubtedly, some of the Saxon

* "This record, in which the town is called 'Kyningestun, famosa illa locus,' destroys the supposition that it did not receive that appellation till the reign of King Athelstan, and proves that it was a royal residence, or at least a royal demesne, as early as the union of the Saxon heptarchy."—*Lysons.*

kings were crowned : "The townisch men," says Leland, "have certen knowledge that a few kinges were crounid there afore the Conqueste." Its first charter was from King John, and many succeeding sovereigns accorded to it various grants and immunities. During the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, Kingston was the scene of several "fights," being always on the side of the king. The town is now populous and flourishing, although without manufactures of any kind. Since the establishment of a railway, villa residences have largely increased in the neighbourhood ; and the two suburbs, Surbiton and Norbiton, are pretty and densely-crowded villages of good houses. The church has suffered much from mutilation and restoration ; it is a spacious structure, and was erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, on the site of an earlier edifice. Amongst the monuments is a fine brass, to a civilian and his wife, of the year 1437.* Of existing antiquities there are but few : county historians, however, point out the sites of the ancient Saxon palace, "the castle," the Jews' quarter, and the Roman town Tamesa ; and the game of "foot-ball," it is said, is still practised by the inhabitants on Shrove Tuesday, in commemoration of one of the feats of their ancestors, by whom the head of a king-assassin was "kicked" about the Saxon town. But perhaps the most interesting object now to be found in Kingston is the "King's Stone."† It had long remained neglected, though not unknown, among disregarded heaps of débris in "the new

* It is to the memory of Robert Skerne, of Kingston, and Joan, his wife : she was the daughter of the celebrated Alice Pierce, or Perrers, mistress to Edward III., and afterwards wife to Sir William de Wyndesore. This brass abounds with beautiful details of costume, and records the day and year of Robert's death :—

" May he in heaven rejoice who lived on earth sincere,
Who died upon the fourth of April, in the year
Of Christ, one thousand twenty score and thirty-seven."

† The stone formerly used to stand near the church-door, and was from time immemorial regarded as that upon which the Saxon Kings of Wessex were inaugurated according to the old Teutonic custom—a custom long prevalent in Germany and the northern nations, and still adopted in the coronation of the sovereigns of England ; the old sacred stone of Scone on which the Scottish kings were crowned, was brought from thence by Edward I., in 1296, and placed beneath the English chair, where it still remains. Kingston is expressly mentioned, in a charter of King Edred, A.D. 964, as the royal town where consecration is accustomed to be performed. Speed records the coronation of nine sovereigns here ; the first was Athelstan, by Aldhelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 921, followed by his brothers Edmund and Edred ; then came Edgar, Edward the Martyr, his brother Ethelred II., and Edmund II., in A.D. 1016. Two intervening kings, Edward the Elder and Edwy, are stated by the same author to have been also crowned here, but this is more conjectural than strictly historic. Some

courtyard," when it occurred to some zealous and intelligent antiquaries that so venerable a reliquary was entitled to some show of respect. It was consequently removed from its degraded position, planted in the centre of the town, and enclosed by a "suitable" iron railing. Kingston has been of late very largely augmented in size: some thousands of new buildings having been erected in the immediate neighbourhood: "Kingston-on-Thames" and "Kingston-on-Railway" being now two large towns; while Surbiton, close at hand, may be described as another.

KINGSTON BRIDGE, to which we conduct the tourist, is a convenient and graceful structure, erected from the design of M. Lapidus, and opened, in 1828, by the Earl of Liverpool, then High Steward of the borough. It took the place of an ancient wooden bridge, the successor, it is said, of one which the Saxons built to replace that which the Romans had constructed.

And so we leave Kingston, looking back upon the pleasant and prosperous town, pursuing our course downward between low banks, with here and there a mansion of note, but meeting nothing for comment until we approach Teddington; its "lock" being the last—or, more properly, the *first*—lock on the Thames.

It is a popular fallacy to derive the name of Teddington from Tide-end town, from an idea that the first lock on the river being here, here the "tide" may be supposed to "end." In old records it is called Todington and Totyngton.* The manor is supposed to have been

writers have deduced the name of the town from the stone, thus—King's-stone; but the proper derivation is clearly obtained from its *name*, which means

simply "a manor belonging to the king." The kings had manors scattered all over the country, many of which still bear the name of Kingston, which does not necessarily imply a town. In fact, *manor* is perhaps the best translation of the word *tun*.

Athelstan, the first of the Saxon kings crowned at Kingston, was the first of the race who placed on their coins the title of King of all England. The

various kingdoms of the heptarchy had by this time been consolidated, but he never actually possessed the whole kingdom. We engrave two specimens of his silver pennies, on one of which he is styled "Athelstan Rex Saxorum," and on the other, "Athelstan Rex totius Britanniae." Both inscriptions are in an abbreviated form.

* "There can be no other objection to this etymology than that the place is called Totyngton in all records for several centuries after the name first occurs."—*Lysons*.



given to Westminster Abbey by Sebert, the first Christian king of the East Saxons. The CHURCH is of common-place character. We have engraved it, nevertheless, for it contains several remarkable and interesting memorials,—among others a monument to “Peg Woffington,”*—and also because it is so familiar a friend to “brethren of the angle,” who have long regarded the Deep under the weir at Teddington as among the pleasantest of all their river memories. These memories are in truth very pleasant, for although it has “fallen from its high estate,”



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

and is by no means as productive of sport as it used to be, there is still plenty to be had in several “pitches,” where abound all the various denizens of the populous river; while enjoyment is ever enhanced by associations with the past, which are suggested at every spot of ground beside which the punt is pushed or moored.†

Those who visit Teddington will do well to walk up the village and

* The tomb of “Mrs. Margaret Woffington, Spinster,” as she is termed upon it, is a plain oval medallion. She died, aged 39, in the year 1760, and had achieved great popularity as an actress, particularly for the impersonation of male characters of the foppish type; her most celebrated part being that of Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar’s play of “The Constant Couple.” She was seized with the indisposition which proved fatal to her when speaking an epilogue at Covent Garden Theatre.

† Teddington Lock is now a new lock, the venerable and picturesque having given way before the

examine some ancient houses, with some of which enduring memories are associated; especially they will ascend a small hillock to visit Strawberry Hill—the favourite residence of Horace Walpole, built by him in 1747; but afterwards enlarged and improved as his collections of *vertu* increased. It is now the property of the Countess Waldegrave.

POPE'S VILLA is the next remarkable residence after Strawberry Hill is passed, from which it is distant but a very short walk. Pope died



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

before Horace Walpole had completed his purchase; but the house then remained in the condition in which the former had left it. Our cut is

march or "improvement," It is, as we have stated, the first lock on the Thames. It may interest the reader to enumerate the several locks between Oxford and Teddington:—

Ifley.	Wallingford.	Shiplake.	Boulter's.	Chertsey.
Sandford.	Cleeve.	Marsh.	Bray.	Shepperton.
Abingdon.	Goring.	Hambledon.	Boveney.	Sunbury.
Culham.	Whitchurch.	Hurley.	Windsor.	Monsey.
Clifton.	Maple Durham.	Temple.	Old Windsor.	Teddington.
Days.	Caversham.	Marlow.	Bell Weir.	
Benson.	Sonning.	Cookham.	Penton Hook.	

For this list, as well as for some other valuable information, we are indebted to "The Oarsman's Guide," a little book, so small as to fit the waistcoat-pocket, but which no voyager of the Thames should be without.

copied from an engraving exhibiting it as in Pope's era. He purchased this house in 1715, and removed to it with his parents from Binfield. The high road from Twickenham to Teddington passed in front of the house, and the small piece of ground at the back, toward the Thames, was all the garden Pope could command without crossing the road, where the large garden was situated ; he accordingly formed a tunnel beneath



POPE'S VILLA.

the road, and, decorating it with spars, it became "the grotto," so celebrated by his friends, and so ably described by himself, and immortalised by the verse he wrote for it.

After Pope's death the house was sold to Sir William Stanhope, who added new wings to it, enlarged the gardens, and formed a second subterraneous passage. His daughter marrying the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip), the estate passed into his hands, and he guarded with jealous care every relic of Pope. At his death Sir John Briscoe succeeded to the ownership; and when he died it was unfortunately purchased by the Baroness Howe, in 1807, who at once ordered it to be

destroyed, and erected a new mansion at the distance of a hundred yards from the site.

Villas, many of them very fanciful in construction, now line the Middlesex bank of the river—few, however, being seen on the Surrey side—until we are at the populous village of Twickenham.

In the days of Pope and Walpole, Twickenham seemed likely to realise the prediction of the latter, “that it would become as celebrated as Baiae or Tivoli.” It was the fashion to construct residences on the Thames banks, and to make the village a retiring place for the celebrities



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

of London. Hudson, the painter, and the early instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected a dwelling near Pope's Villa, and in close contiguity to one built by Scott, “the English Canaletti,” as he was termed, and the friend of Hogarth. Sir Godfrey Kneller—“Kneller, by heaven, and not a master, taught”—also retired to Twickenham to spend the latter years of his life.

The parish CHURCH is situated upon the edge of the river, but it is

almost hidden from view by a large island, sacred to picnic parties, and known as Eel-pie Island, from the popular refreshment provided there. It is of considerable length, and has a house for the entertainment of water-parties, the whole of this “ait” being devoted to their service and use. A narrow arm of the Thames divides it from the village of Twickenham, and nearly opposite the middle of the island stands the church, in front of which is the old vicarage with its gardens. The church tower is an old stone fabric, apparently of the time of Henry VII. The body of the church was rebuilt in 1715; it had fallen to the



HAM HOUSE.

ground on the night of the 9th of April, 1713, owing to neglect. It is chiefly remarkable as the mausoleum of Pope and his family. They are buried in a vault in front of the communion rails. Pope erected to the memory of his parents a tablet in the east wall of the north gallery; and upon the north wall a monument was erected to the poet himself, by Bishop Warburton.

On the right bank of the river, the long line of Petersham Meadows terminates at the grounds of HAM HOUSE, which is almost hidden in a

mass of noble trees which surround the house and grounds with their umbrageous foliage. This noble old mansion was built in 1610 (as appears by a date over the principal entrance) by Sir Thomas Vavasor, who was appointed, with Sir Francis Bacon, one of the judges of the Marshal's Court in the year ensuing. It was sold to the Earl of Dysart in the reign of James I., "whose widow, Katherine, on the 22nd of May, 1561, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel Tollemache, and Elizabeth his wife, her daughter, who, in the year following, surrendered



ORLEANS HOUSE.

it to the use of Sir Lionel's will." This daughter, by her second marriage, became Duchess of Lauderdale, and was remarkable for the political power she possessed, being one of the busiest women of a busy age.

On the left bank a pleasant field-path leads to Richmond, over fertile meadows, studded with noble mansions. The first of importance after passing the ait is ORLEANS HOUSE, a noble mansion of red brick with white quoins. Here resided the Princess of Denmark, afterwards Queen Anne. The young prince, her son, used to amuse himself by exercising a troop of boy soldiers on the ait we have spoken of. Caroline, Queen of George II., was once entertained here by the then proprietor of the mansion, who on that occasion built the octagon room, which forms

so conspicuous a feature in the view. It bears the name of Orleans House, from having been rented by the Duke of Orleans at the commencement of the present century; and here Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, passed some of the happiest years of a life of unusual adventure. In the course of the changed fortunes that awaited the family of that sovereign after his abdication of the throne of France, the house has again become the home of one of his sons. Next is Marble Hill; it was designed, and the building superintended, by Henry, Earl of Pembroke, the estate having been purchased, and the house erected, by King George II., for the Countess of Suffolk.

A very pleasant walk from Ham leads to the pretty and retired village of Petersham, on the high road between Richmond and Kingston. It was famous in times long gone by, but is now chiefly remarkable for the well-known establishment of Dr. Ellis—Sudbrook Park—renowned for its “water cure,” by which many have obtained happiness with health. We believe there is no place of the kind throughout the kingdom better conducted; the principle, adopted with so much success, is no doubt greatly aided by the pure air, the tranquillity of umbrageous walks, the close vicinity to Richmond Park, and that relief from thought and labour which best ministers to disease, either of body or mind.

Perhaps in England there is no single view so beautiful as that obtained from the summit of RICHMOND HILL; nay, it is scarcely too much to say there is nothing more charming in the world. Such is the opinion of many foreigners who have beheld the landscape attractions of all lands, and such is surely that of those who, having travelled long and far, return to their own country with a confirmed conviction that Englishmen find nowhere any scenery so delicious as that they possess “at home.” No doubt there is much that is wider, and broader, and grander—more magnificent and more comprehensive—which voyagers elsewhere may enjoy, but none within the same limits so gifted with surpassing loveliness. The scene from Richmond Hill has, therefore, been at all times a fertile theme of the poet and the painter, although neither art nor language can render it sufficient justice.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams!"

Such was the exclamation of one of the many poets who have offered homage to "the Hill;" we may quote another:—

"Where Thames along the daisied meads
His wave in lucid mazes leads—
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either side bestowing."

But, in fact, there are few whom the Muse has not stirred into life,



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

when gazing from either of the adjacent heights upon a scene so entirely beautiful—at once so gentle and so grand, so graceful and so rich.

As we approach Richmond from Twickenham, and pass a slight projection at Ham, we come in sight of "the Hill." From the river the rise appears very slight: on the summit are several good and "tall" houses, the most conspicuous of which is the far-famed "Star and

Garter" inn ; and here all visitors will linger, entering either its prettily arranged grounds or its stately chambers for refreshment, and gazing from one of its windows over the thick and apparently dense foliage that seems to cover the whole valley underneath, through which the all-glorious father meanders "silent, slow," the source of that green fertility which makes the landscape "beautiful exceedingly."* "The eye, descending from the hill," marks the tortuous course of the river, above and below, glances among "the palace homes of England," and



RICHMOND HILL.

watches the gay boats, "of all sorts and sizes," that float upon the surface, issue from tiny creeks, or continue moored beside lawn-slopes : gaze where we will, there is ever something to stir the heart, and justify that love and pride of country which rivals or foes attribute to Englishmen as a vice !

The distant views from any of the heights are as fair and beautiful as

* So close are the trees, and so little can be seen of the intervening meadows and gardens, that a story is told of an American from the Far West, whose eye, having been accustomed to endless and trackless forests, saw the beauty as a blemish, and declared it to be his opinion that "the valley wanted clearing."

those immediately around and underneath. Looking over Richmond Park we behold stately Windsor ; farther off, the hills of Buckinghamshire—the historic Chilterns ; and nearer, those over Runnymede and Chertsey. Turning eastward, we look on many of the steeps that, rising above the Lower Thames, fling their shadows on the sails of a hundred nations, thronging that part of the great highway of the world which lies between the Nore and London Bridge. Surely the tourist may exclaim, and justly,—

“Earth hath not anything to show more fair,”

challenging the wide world to produce a scene which so happily combines the grand and the beautiful—

“In wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade :
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,
City and naval stream, suburban grove,
And stately forest where the wild deer rove ;
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright.”

A gate on the summit of the hill leads into Richmond Park. The public enjoy a right of entrance, and it is pleasant to know that the right is rarely or never abused. The park was first enclosed by Charles I., but there were certain neighbouring owners who “could not be prevailed upon to alienate their property upon any terms.” His Majesty, however, seems to have convinced those “village Hampdens ;” notwithstanding that the affair “made a great clamour, and the outcry was that he was about to take away his subjects’ estates at his own pleasure.” Jerome, Earl of Portland, was made the first ranger, in the year 1638. In 1649 the park was given “to the City of London, and to their successors for ever.” At the Restoration it found its way back to the Crown, of which it is now a mere appanage of comparatively little value, although her Majesty has sought to make it practically useful by presenting some of its residences to men who are, or have been, benefactors of their country.

We must descend the hill and enter the ancient village—the now populous town of Richmond. We cannot long delay, although it is full

of associations, any one of which might demand a chapter instead of a line. It is, however, essential that we visit the CHURCH, and then stroll to the green, in order that we may stand on the site of the ancient palace, “to which the former kings of this land, being wearie of the citie, used customarily to resorte, as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly for recreation.”

At Richmond resided Nicholas Brady, and here he translated and



RICHMOND CHURCH.

versified the Psalms. Here lived, and in the church is buried, James Thomson : * here he

“ Sung the seasons and their change ; ”

* Thomson lived in a small cottage in Kew Lane. It has been enlarged and altered since his time. There was no monument to his memory in the church, until the Earl of Buchan placed, in 1792, a brass plate in the north aisle to denote the spot where he was buried, June 29, 1748, “for the satisfaction of his admirers,” as the inscription states, “nwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial.”

and many memories of him are preserved in the house where he resided, "in unaffected cheerfulness, and general, though simple elegance." There are few who walk through the fair town, or row along the waters that lave its banks, who will not recall the graceful tribute of a brother poet—

" Remembrance oft shall haunt this shore,
When Thanes in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid thy gentle spirit rest!"

On Richmond Green is all that now remains of the old Palace of Sheen,* consisting of a stone gateway, and a smaller postern gate beside



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

it. Above the large gate is sculptured the arms of England, supported by the dragon and greyhound, indicating its erection in the time of Henry VII. Beside it may be traced a few portions of the old brick-work of the palatial buildings, with the characteristic reticulated pattern

* "It is well known that this place received its present name by royal command in the reign of Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. In Domesday it is not mentioned: a record of nearly the same antiquity calls it Syenes; the name was afterwards spelt Schenes, Schene, and Sheen. Some writers, founding their conjectures upon the latter word, which signifies bright or splendid, have supposed it to be expressive of the magnificence of the ancient palace."—*Lysons*.

which gave diversity to the walls. It is believed to have been the entrance to the wardrobe court.

Passing under the railway bridge, which crosses the Thames at the eastern boundary of Kew Gardens, we have them on our right hand for more than two miles. The left bank affords more diversity, and to that we direct special attention. The first object which attracts the eye is a palatial building, now appropriated to the Female Naval Orphan Asylum. It was commenced by Lord Kilmurry as a residence, but has been greatly enlarged, and is now devoted to a high purpose—as one of those noble institutions which do honour to England, rendering memorable over the world the words, “Supported by Voluntary Contributions.” About half a mile brings us to Isleworth Church, with its ancient ivy-covered tower. The body of the church is of red brick, and was constructed in 1705. It contains a few of the monumental brasses which were in the older edifice; one of them represents a knight in armour of the fifteenth century; but the most curious is affixed within the Duke of Northumberland’s pew, and is here copied; it preserves the figure of one of the last of the English nuns, being to the memory of “Margaret Dely, a syster professed in Syon, who deceased the vii of October, Anno 1561,”—during the short while the nunnery was restored to the Roman Catholic service in the reign of Queen Mary. The village of Isleworth is chiefly devoted to garden-ground, and the growth of vegetables for London markets. Though never occupying a position in history, Isleworth is noted in our most ancient surveys. Simon de Montfort encamped here with the refractory barons, in 1263; and Fairfax fixed his head-quarters here in 1647. It is a straggling unpicturesque village, offering no inducements to delay the tourist.

Sion House, which occupies the site of the ancient religious foundation, is close beside the church; it was originally granted to a convent of Bridgetine nuns, by Henry V., in the year 1414: they seem to have led a quiet life of much prosperity; upon its dissolution, in



the reign of Henry VIII., the revenue of the Convent of Sion was valued at the very large sum of £1,731 8s. 4½d. per annum. The king retained the desecrated buildings and here imprisoned his unfortunate queen, Katherine Howard, while arranging her judicial murder. The body of the same king rested here on the road to his mausoleum at Windsor. Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, gave the building and site to the Protector Seymour, Duke of Somerset. On his attainder it was granted to the Duke of Northumberland, in whose family it has since remained, except during the short period when it reverted to the Crown during the reign of Mary—the forfeiture being occasioned by the ambition of the duke, whose son married the Lady Jane Grey: it was in Sion House she accepted the crown, having been conducted thence as queen to the Tower of London, so soon afterwards to die on a scaffold within its walls.

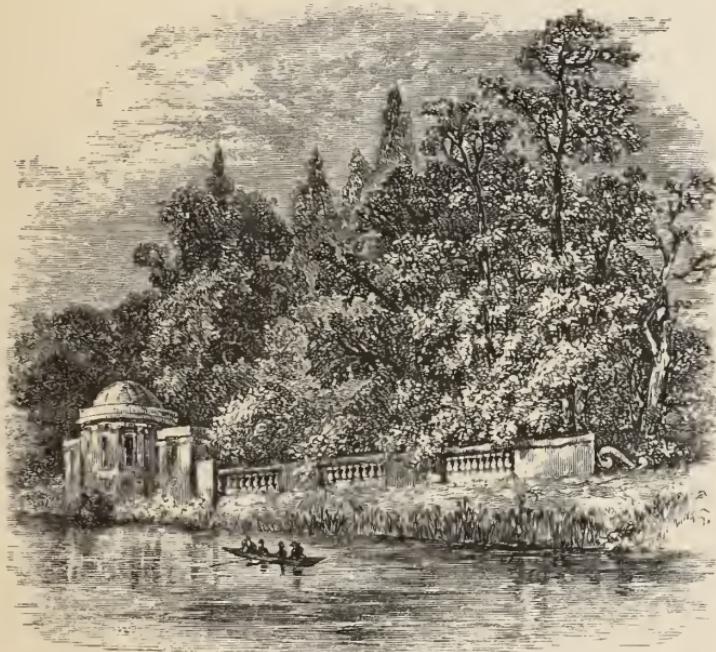
Queen Mary was induced to restore the nunnery at Sion, and endow it with the manor and demesnes of Isleworth. It was dissolved by Elizabeth, who, however, retained the lands until 1604, when they were again given to the Dukes of Northumberland. The present house was constructed soon afterwards, and has some rich interior details. The exterior is singularly plain, a mere quadrangle of heavy stonework. It contains some fine pictures. One of the prettiest and pleasantest *points* on the river is the graceful PAVILION we have here introduced.

Brentford commences at the end of the walls of the park at Sion; but the greater part of the town is happily hidden by a long island thickly covered with trees. It is one of the most unpicturesque towns on the river, abounding in gas-works, factories, and distilleries; its streets presenting an appearance of dirt and negleet, heightened by alleys, the abodes of squalid poverty. A large part of the population are employed in the extensive market-gardens in the neighbourhood. The town takes its name from the small river Brent, which here flows into the Thames, rising in the adjoining county of Hertford, and pursuing a tortuous course through the centre of Middlesex. It is a small stream, but its junction with the Thames at an important locality led to the foundation, in very early times, of a village here, the establishment of a

large nunnery on the opposite side of the ford materially aiding its growth.

And so we arrive in sight of Kew Bridge ; but before we row under it, we must step ashore to visit some of the attractions of this ancient and renowned village.

Kew—"the situation of which near the water-side might induce one to seek for its etymology from the word key or quay"—has been vari-



WATER PAVILION AT SION HOUSE.

ously written at various times "Kayhough, Kayhoo, Keyhowe, Keye, Kayo, and Kewe." Lysons, half a century back, describes its green-house as famous, being 140 feet in length ; and Darwin, about the same period, pictured its garden as "a crowning glory"—

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side."

The historian and the poet, could they rise from their graves, would see with wonder and delight the greenhouse and the garden of to-day, filled with the floral beauties of a hundred lands,—miles of walks among flowers under glass.

Inasmuch as there is an admirable and cheap guide-book for the use of visitors, compiled by the accomplished Curator, Dr. Hooker, we are relieved from the necessity of details descriptive of these beautiful gardens and conservatories : it will suffice to say that, although still the



RAILS-HEAD FERRY.

property of the Crown, and in charge of the Board of Works, the public are freely admitted every day, under a few needful restrictions ; that the privilege is enjoyed by very large numbers *daily* ; and that the result fully bears out the belief, that where advantages are given to “the people,” they are neither lost nor abused by carelessness or cupidity. Cases of impropriety are rare, while it is certain that health, instruction,

and gratification, have been largely derived from the means thus generously placed at the disposal of all.

Between Richmond and Kew there is no bridge ; there are, however, three ferries, one of which we have introduced as a very picturesque "bit." It is that which leads to Isleworth, and is called the RAILS-HEAD FERRY, a name it obtained before the introduction of those iron ways which now conduct tourists from London to the far-famed "Hill," and thence to "regal Windsor."

Although we do not delay the voyager by describing the gardens, we ask him to visit the ancient and venerable PALACE, famous during

"Good King George's reign,"

and interesting now, although it is lonely and without inhabitant—standing as a striking and somewhat gloomy monument to record the liberality of the sovereign and his successors, who gave the adjacent grounds to the people. It was once the property of Sir Hugh Portman, "the rich gentleman who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kew," and was built during the reign of James I., although it retains very little of the style of architecture of that period, being of red brick, but exceedingly plain and without ornament. In 1781 it was purchased by George III.; his queen, Charlotte, died there, and during many years it was the favourite suburban residence of the royal family.

Under the superintendence of her Majesty, the grounds were "ornamented with various picturesque objects and temples, designed by Sir William Chambers, among which is one called the Pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building, 49 feet in diameter at the base, and 163 feet in height." No doubt this was a marvel at the time of its erection ; it is still a conspicuous object from all adjacent parts, and the temples are attractions judiciously distributed.

It is more than delightful to escape in summer from the turmoil of the hot, dusty, London world, to the peculiar serenity and surpassing beauty of Kew ; the gardens are so full of interest, so varied, so suggestive, and so instructive, that a much larger space than we can devote to the subject would fail to convey an idea of the treasures they contain ; we

are willing, therefore, to let fancy go back to the time of Queen Charlotte, whose love of nature laid the foundation of that which now yields—sometimes to many thousands in a day—so much of health, pleasure, and information. The square red “palace”—which her Majesty loved sufficiently well to select as a residence, above all others, after the death of her beloved husband—seems lonely and silent in the midst of that fragrant paradise, where trees are bursting into bloom, and birds are pouring forth the rejoicings that specially belong to the “sweet month



KEW PALACE.

of May;” but there is no difficulty in peopling it with “the great” of the past, and seeing, by the light of history, the beautiful and brilliant family that once held court

“ Beside the Thames at Kew.”

In those days the “gardens” were, like the palace, the exclusive property of the Crown: but when the latter ceased to be a “royal residence,” our good and ever-considerate Queen, desiring to enlarge the circle commenced by Queen Charlotte, devoted the whole of the estate to the fruits

of botanical research ; and it was finally determined that the public should be admitted daily. Thus the “gardens at Kew” may be ranked amongst the great teachers, as well as the healthful luxuries, of the people.

“Kew Green” is one of the most “quaint” and peculiar “bits” of scenery within ten miles of the metropolis. The church may be taken as the principal feature,—a clean, bright, stately English church, neither new nor old. This “green” is irregularly “flanked” by houses of all heights and qualities; some trellised, some bare and stately, others hid



GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMB.

away in the bright foliage which climbs their walls; some standing boldly forward, others receding modestly behind trees.

The church stands on the west side of the green. Its grave-yard contains the graves of several remarkable men, among whom may be named Gainsborough and Zoffany. Gainsborough was never a resident here: he resided for many years at Schomburg House, Pall Mall; it was at his own request that he was buried at Kew, beside the grave of his old friend, Kirby, author of a once celebrated work on Perspective; but Zoffany lived in the little hamlet called Strand-on-the-Green, which adjoins the bridge on the Middlesex side of the river.

GAINSBOROUGH'S TOMBSTONE is the central slab in the foreground of our engraving. He had desired that his name only should be cut upon the stone; it is, therefore, simply inscribed, "Thomas Gainsborough, Esq., died August 2nd, 1788, aged 61 years."* A similarly brief inscription records the death of his wife ten years afterwards. There is enough of the "country churchyard" yet remaining at Kew to make it a fitting resting-place for such a painter: one who has left us some of our most charming pictures of natural scenery. It is no unpleasant spot, for



KEW BRIDGE.

trees shadow it, and a free air is around. It is a more agreeable pilgrimage to the grave of Gainsborough than to the place of greater honour—the crypt of St. Paul's—where so many of his brethren lie. In a few years, however, Kew may be part of London; for buildings are rising rapidly between the sequestered village and the outskirts of the metropolis.

* Time having obliterated the inscription, it has been recently restored at the cost of Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A.

The BRIDGE at Kew is a comparatively modern structure. Looking eastward a pleasant air fortunately takes away from Kew and its river walks the view of "Brentford's tedious town." Hence, in Middlesex, there is little to claim attention until we approach Chiswick; while, on the Surrey bank, we pass along by the side of osier beds, with nothing worthy of notice until Mortlake is reached. "The name of this place has been generally supposed to be derived from *mortuus lacus*, or the dead lake;" in Domesday it is called "Mortlage." Cromwell House, one of its attractions, has been recently pulled down. It is erroneously described as a residence of the Protector; but Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, informs us that in the collection there are several letters dated thence by the Lord Henry Cromwell, of the reign of Henry VIII. Dr. Dee, the famous astrologer, lived at Mortlake, in a house near the water-side, a little westward from the church; and here Queen Elizabeth came to visit him, and see his famous glass, into which he conjured spirits for magical purposes. He had attended Elizabeth before on frivolous errands of superstition, particularly when a wax image with a pin stuck in it was found in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the queen and council were in great alarm lest it boded evil to her life. When the queen came to Mortlake in March, 1575, she did not enter Dee's house; "Her Majesty," he tells us, "being taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, master of the horse, at the church wall of Mortlake, did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight."* Upon the ground where Dee's laboratory stood were afterwards erected the tapestry works of Sir F. Crane; they were established in 1619; and to this circumstance we are probably indebted for the possession of the famous cartoons of Raphael, purchased as copies for the artizan. Leading from Mortlake are by-ways to Richmond and to Kew, through low and ill-drained grounds, principally market gardens. Here and there, however, we meet some stately manor-house, seated in

* He records the incident in his very curious diary. The queen, who believed in his powers of judicial astrology, was desirous of seeing for herself the spirits he conjured in his magic crystal. She came from the palace, at Richmond, to Dr. Dee's house, but the funeral of the astrologer's wife had only been performed two hours before, which was the reason that her Majesty would not enter the house. Aubrey tells us that Dee was buried in this church "in the chancel, a little towards the south side."

solitary and aristocratic grandeur amid groups of ancient and wide-spreading cedars.

MORTLAKE CHURCH is in part a very ancient edifice, dating so far back as 1348, although the earliest date on the building is 1543.* The outward door of the belfry is, however, said to be the only remaining part of the original structure. It is full of interesting monuments.

That portion of Barnes which is called the Terrace immediately



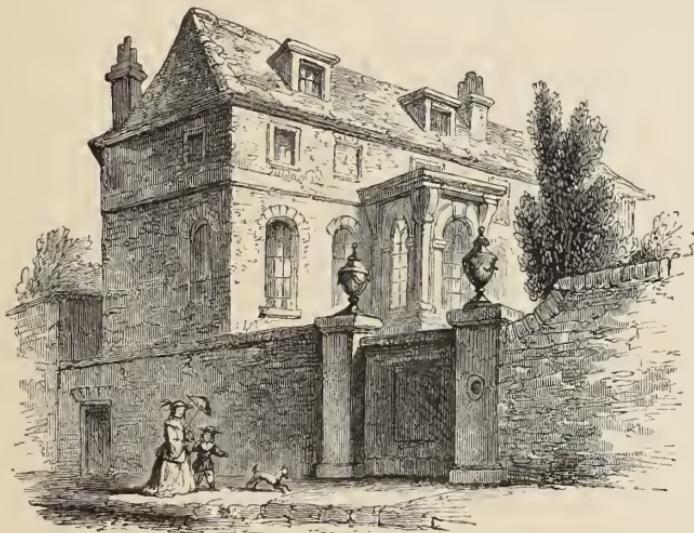
MORTLAKE CHURCH.

succeeds Mortlake; it is a pretty and pleasant row of houses, chiefly let as lodgings, the place being much in favour during the summer months. The village lies farther back from the river—a straggling village, with

* This date is on a stone over the belfry door, inscribed "Vivat R. H. s."

a cluster of houses surrounding a pond. Some parts of the church are said to be as old as the time of Richard I. The old "house"—Barne-Elms—in which Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Francis Walsingham, where lived Sir Henry Wyat, and where some time resided the poet Cowley, is one of the famous points of the district.

Until we arrive at Putney, there is nothing to detain the tourist after he leaves Barnes, unless he desire a peep at several "cozy" houses, called the Castelnau Villas; we must, therefore, conduct him into



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK.

Middlesex, and ask him to land at Chiswick, proceeding thence to the hamlet of Hammersmith.

There are few localities in the vicinity of London so interesting as the pretty and pleasant village of Chiswick. Its principal attraction is the charming and very beautifully decorated mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, with its delicious grounds and gardens. "The house was designed and erected by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, whose skill in architecture has been proved by his works, and whose encouragement of his favourite science greatly promoted the progress of that taste which has

since produced so many fine architectural examples in this country." The model which the architect generally followed is that of the Villa Capra, near Vicenza, the designer of which was the famous Palladio. It is magnificently furnished, and contains a collection of rare and valuable pictures. Here Charles Fox died, on the 13th September, 1806; and here George Canning "put on immortality," on the 8th of August, 1827.

The interest of Chiswick House is, however, surpassed by the church and churchyard of the village. In the former the architect, Kent, the associate of Lord Burlington in the adornment of the house and grounds,



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

reposes in the vault of his patron; and here there is a fitting monument to Charles Whittingham, the printer, whose skill and taste gave to the Chiswick press a fame that "went over the world." The graveyard contains the ashes of many persons of note: the imperious Duchess of Cleveland here minglest with common clay; here "repose the remains" of Cromwell's daughter, Mary; here Holland, the actor, Garrick's

friend, exchanged his motley for a winding-sheet ; here Lord Macartney, the pioneer to China, rests from his labours ; here calmly sleeps a man of marvellous genius, the exile Ugo Foscolo ; here lies the painter Loutherbourg ; and here, still speaking from his sculptured tomb, reposes the great artist, William Hogarth.

The tomb of Hogarth is a not ungraceful structure, exhibiting on one side a *basso-relievo* indicative of his art; an inscription on the east side notes the death of Hogarth, in October, 1764, at the age of sixty-seven, and his wife in November, 1789, at the age of eighty. His sister's



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.*

death is recorded on the south side, in August, 1771, at the age of seventy ; and that of Mary Lewis, his niece, who acted as saleswoman at his house in Leicester Square, and who died in 1808, at the age of eighty-eight. The other face of the monument has an inscription to his

* The bridge was constructed in 1828, from the designs and under the superintendence of William Tierney Clarke. He afterwards erected one similar at Prague, in Bohemia.

mother-in-law, the widow of Sir James Thornhill, who was first buried in this grave in 1757.

The name of Hammersmith is not found in any record prior to the reign of Elizabeth, yet it is now a populous suburb of the metropolis; for, although distant some five miles from Hyde Park Corner, there is scarcely any interruption to the line of streets that leads to it through Knightsbridge and Kensington. Its pretty and picturesque CHURCH dates no further back than the reign of Charles I. It was built at the cost of



HAMMERSMITH CHURCH.

Sir Nicholas Crispe, merchant of London, a loyal adherent of the monarchy during the contest between the Crown and the Parliament. His history is touchingly told in an inscription placed under an effigy of Charles I., at the base of which is a pedestal surmounted by an urn.

"Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled the trade of gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine. Died the 26th July, 1655, aged 67 years."

In the churchyard are many monuments with foreign names, servants in the household of the Margravine of Anspach, who once inhabited Brandenburgh House—a house which became famous as the residence of

Queen Caroline, the unhappy wife of George IV. It was razed to the ground very soon after her death, and on the space it occupied now stand several charming villas.

We resume our voyage, and passing between banks on which are several graceful villas, although generally the land is low and cannot be healthy, we come in sight of the ugly structure which, crossing the Thames, unites the villages of Putney and Fulham. Both these villages are famous in history, and we must delay the tourist while we visit



THE STAR AND GARTER, PUTNEY BRIDGE.

them. Let us land at Putney, first noticing that group of houses, in the centre of which is one that is familiar to all the "oarsmen" of the river, the well-known "STAR AND GARTER," the head-quarters of several aquatic clubs. The illustration has been sketched to include one of the most conspicuous, though not the most picturesque, objects in this part of our course—the Club-house of the London Rowing Club, the largest association of amateurs that has ever existed on the Thames in connection with this healthful recreation. It has been recently erected at considerable

cost; and if the popularity of the club continues to increase as it has done during the last few years, it will, we imagine, soon be found too small for the accommodation of its members.

"Putney," according to Lysons, "is in Domesday called Putelei; in subsequent records it is spelt Puttenheth, or Pottenheth." The village leads up-hill, through a street of good villa houses, to Wimbledon and Rochampton. It has an old church, and is famous as the birthplace of three remarkable men: West, Bishop of Ely, the son of a baker here;



FULHAM CHURCH, AND PRIOR'S BANK.

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith in the town; and Gibbon, the historian.

The tourist will derive greater interest, however, from a visit to the Middlesex side of the river, and that interest will continue almost unbroken until he reaches London: along its Surrey banks are to be seen only objects that blot the landscape, however much they may add to the solid wealth of the country; for, excepting a group of very ugly and cheerless, though costly domiciles, that have replaced as many quaint old dwellings of a by-gone time, and which skirt the river immediately after leaving Putney, there is but a succession of factories and small cottage houses, which serve to shelter labourers and artizans; unwhole-

some-looking swamps divide the space with yards, and quays, and waggon-sheds, auxiliaries to manufactories of gin, soap, starch, silk, paper, candles, beer, and vitriol—the first named and the last being no doubt mutually dependent for aid and assistance. Such is the only picture to be contemplated all the way; it includes long, straggling Wandsworth, and longer and still more straggling Battersea, both with modern and ugly churches, that of Battersea being especially odious, inasmuch as it is thrust forward almost into the current, and it is impossible to avoid looking at an object, in producing which the architect



BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

seems to have studied how far it was in his power to make it repugnant: we therefore pass rapidly over the Surrey side of the Thames between bridges at Putney and Battersea.

We breathe more freely as we cross the bridge and enter the village of Fulham.

Between Fulham and Chelsea, to which we now hasten, passing by several graceful villas, we arrive at "Cremorne," a popular place of

amusement that has taken the place of old Vauxhall. But an object of far higher interest soon greets the voyager; it is the hospital in which the old and worn soldiers who have served their country repose after their toils. We have first, however, to row under BATTERSEA BRIDGE. Like that of Putney, it is coarse, unseemly, and inconvenient in character, all its defects being brought into strong relief by the beautiful structure which now crosses the river a little lower down.

We must step ashore at Chelsea; for this locality is fertile of useful suggestions and interesting associations.

A narrow lane, such as we still see sometimes at port towns, leads to



CHELSEA CHURCH.

the venerable CHURCH. The monument to the memory of Sir Hans Sloane occupies the east corner of the churchyard. The church and many neighbouring localities derive interest from associations with the history of that great and good statesman, Sir Thomas More. At his house, in Chelsea, the eighth Harry frequently visited his "beloved Chancellor,"—"a house neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnifieent and commodious enough," with gardens "wonderfully charming," with "green meadows and woody eminences all around." Here the Abbot of Westminster took him into custody for refusing to "take the king as head

of his church ;" and for denying the king's supremacy, he was beheaded on Tower Hill. He had anticipated his death, and had caused his tomb to be made in the church at Chelsea. Whether his body was interred there is doubtful ; but the place is full of memories of him of whom it was quaintly said—

"When MORE some time had chancellor been,
No MORE suits did remain ;
The same shall never MORE be seen,
Till MORE be there again."

A few yards farther—leaving to the right the pretty pier at which steam-boats ply every ten minutes, and where a few of the old watermen still



SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE.

linger—we reach that famous row of "good houses" known as CHEYNE WALK, a pleasant promenade, and one of the most memorable "bits" that skirt the river-side.

A few steps onward, if we are foot passengers, "a row" of a hundred yards if we are voyagers—passing on the left of the old "Physic Garden," bequeathed, in the year 1673, by Charles Cheyne, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Chelsea, to the Company of Apothecaries for a term of years, and afterwards purchased and presented to them by Sir Hans Sloane--and we reach the long-renowned HOSPITAL OF CHELSEA. Assuredly

there are few who cross the Thames to visit either the railway station at Battersea, or Battersea Park, who will not have their attention directed to this deeply interesting monument of an age which is unhappily suggestive less of pride than of humiliation, but of which this home for battle-tried and weather-beaten soldiers is one of the redeeming points; where for two centuries the brave men who receive grateful proofs of a nation's gratitude tell

“How fields were won,”

and “fight their battles over again.”

Of Chelsea Hospital the front view is the most striking; for, though



CHEYNE WALK.

it does not possess any very remarkable architectural feature, it has a certain “nobility of look,” and all its associations are of great interest. The foundation of the hospital—or, as its inmates prefer to call it, “the college”—is known to have been one of the few good deeds of the voluptuary, Charles II.—being an exception to the rule as regarded the sovereign

“Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.”

There is a tradition, but it is without proof, that “the merry monarch”

was influenced to this merciful act by his mistress, Nell Gwynne. Be it as it may, it was a fortunate circumstance for the country. Many a battle has been won for these kingdoms by the knowledge that the maimed soldier can never be a deserted beggar—by the certainty that honourable scars will be healed by other ointment than that of mere pity—by the assurance that shelter and comfort are prepared for the wounded or aged, of whom a nation becomes the guardian and protector. In this “ Palace Hospital ” are contained—so that all visitors as well as



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: SIDE VIEW.

inmates may continually see them—various trophies taken at victories gained by British soldiers: it is a proud as well as a very numerous collection.

“It has often been remarked by foreigners,” says Faulkner, in his account of Chelsea, “that the charitable foundations of England were more fitted, by their grandeur and extent, for the residence of kings; while her palaces, by their external appearance, seemed better calculated for the reception of the needy and unfortunate. But surely they could not have paid a nation greater honour; and when we survey the noble

fabries at Chelsea and at Greenwich, we cannot but feel proud that we live in a country which constantly affords an asylum to the helpless wanderer—which relieves the wants of the needy and allays the sufferings of the sick to an extent, and with a liberality, unknown throughout the rest of Europe."

The edifice stands upon the site of a college founded by King James I. for the study of polemical divinity. It was originally projected by Dr. Matthew Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, in the early part of that king's reign. James laid the first stone in May, 1609, and in the



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: FRONT VIEW.

same month of the succeeding year granted a charter of incorporation, in which the number of members was limited to nineteen, and a provost, and the institution was to be named "King James's College." Sutcliffe liberally gave toward the foundation all he could, and he was empowered by an act of Parliament to receive any aid in the way of bequest or contribution, but so little came that "scaree an eighth part was erected, as only one side of the first quadrangle was ever completed, and this range of building, according to Fuller, cost about three thousand

pounds." After Sutcliffe's death, in 1629, it languished, and was finally broken up in the troubles of the Great Civil War. In the year 1669, Charles gave the ground and buildings to the Royal Society. They endeavoured for some time to let the premises advantageously, but failing in their attempts, they sold them again to Sir Stephen Fox, Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, for the king's use, for the sum of £1,300.

On the 12th of March, 1682, Charles II., attended by his principal courtiers, laid the first stone of the present Hospital buildings, and Sir Christopher Wren was the architect. Evelyn notes that in the following month—"I was desired by Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren to accompany them to Lambeth, with the plot and design of the college to be built at Chelsey, to have the Archbishop's approbation." This was obtained; and Archbishop Sancroft gave £1,000 toward the building, Sir Stephen Fox promising "that he would settle £5,000 per annum on it, and build to the value of £20,000." Tobias Rustat, yeoman of the robes to the king, also contributed £1,000, and presented the bronze statue of Charles II. which still adorns the quadrangle. The entire building was not completed till 1690, and the total cost is said to have been £150,000. It accommodates about 400 inmates. The hall is spacious, and in it is a large allegorical picture of Charles II. on horseback, by Verrio, whose ceiling-painting at Hampton Court we have already noted. The chapel has an altar-piece by Sebastiau Ricci, painted when he visited this country in the reign of Anne; it represents the Resurrection of our Saviour.

Battersea Park has been laid out only within the last ten or twelve years; it is therefore in its infancy—the shrubs are "miniatures;" but to the next generation it will be one of the chief adornments of the metropolitan suburbs. From it we look upon the old bridge, and the Dutch-looking church and village of Chelsea. Beyond the hospital is the NEW BRIDGE, constructed by Thomas Page, Esq. It is a toll bridge; and it has been pleasantly said that "Government gave a park to the people, and placed a toll-bar at the gate to keep them out of it." The bridge is the most beautiful of the many that cross the Thames between its source and its fall into the sea.

Close to the gardens of Chelsea College, on the London side, stood the once-famed RANELAGH.* The line of trees which parts the college garden from the small garden appropriated to the veterans who are here domiciled after their warlike labours, was once a part of the "walks" of Ranelagh ; and a few years ago the remains of the lamp-irons which lit it were still upon some of the tree stems. This most aristocratic place



THE NEW BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

of amusement was opened in 1742. The great feature of the spot was an enormous Rotunda, a hundred and eighty-five feet in diameter, in which concerts took place, and which is the conspicuous object in our view, copied from a print published in 1743. In the immediate neighbourhood was the "Old Chelsea" porcelain works, concerning which very little is known, but which produced efforts of art that may vie with the best issues of Dresden and Sèvres.

The whole of the district hence to Westminster, and from the river

* It obtained its name from being erected on the site of the mansion of Richard, Earl of Ranelagh, who was Paymaster-General of the forces, and one of the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital, during the reign of Charles II., and obtained from the Crown a grant of the land. He died in 1712, and in 1733 the house and grounds were sold in lots.

inland to Pimlico was formerly a most lonely and dangerous locality, and so continued until the commencement of the present century. The Five Fields and Tothill Fields, which comprehended nearly the whole space, were desert spots, crossed here and there with footpaths and raised causeways, flanked by ditches, which divided a few wretched gardens, containing some half-dozen ruined sheds scattered over the ground, inhabited by the very worst classes of the London community, and where it was not safe for strangers to travel. Hollar has preserved its features in his “view of the pest-houses” in Tothill Fields, in 1665; London is seen



OLD RANELAGH.

in the distance, as if on the confines of a desert. These pest-houses were set apart in this dismal and secluded locality for the cure of such unfortunates as were afflicted; and the churchwardens' accounts furnish us with notes of moneys paid for their support. Now this spot is thickly covered with houses, streets, and squares; and aristocratic Belgravia occupies the once worthless marsh-land of old Chelsea.

The opposite bank of the river was sacred to the market-gardener until a recent period. The first great change was effected by the South-Western Railway, which fixed its opening station originally at Nine

Elms, where an extensive “goods station” still remains. Between this spot and Vauxhall Bridge, thirty years ago, was a place of general recreation, known as Cumberland Gardens: it consisted of an open space towards the Thames, laid out in grass-plats, and surrounded by open boxes and tables for refreshments, after the style of old-fashioned suburban tea-gardens. The ground is now occupied by a distillery. The bridge which crosses the Thames at Vauxhall is of cast iron, and



LAMBETH PALACE AND CHURCH.

was begun by Rennie, and finished by Walker. It was opened for traffic in 1816. A few trees seen above the houses at the foot of the Surrey side of the bridge mark the sight of old Vauxhall Gardens, once the glory of English pleasure-gardens, frequented by the highest in the land, from the gay days of Charles II. to those of “the Regency.”

LAMBETH PALACE and CHURCH now come in view; they are among the most interesting old buildings on the banks of the river. The church was rebuilt in 1852, and is a beautiful example of modern restoration. Before that time it was in a most neglected and unsightly state,—now it is a model of neatness, and the memorial windows are very beautiful.

Close beside it is the old brick gate-house of the Palace, for more than six centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. It was built by Archbishop Morton at the close of the fifteenth century. It consists of two square towers connected by an embattled recessed centre; the whole built of red brick, with stone quoins, the bricks arranged in an ornamental manner by the introduction of coloured glaze, forming a large chequered pattern over the surface, a fashion first introduced in the reign of Henry VII., when these towers were erected. There is a spacious arched gateway and postern in the central recess. In these towers is the Record Room, filled with ancient archives connected with the See of Canterbury. There is also a small prison here, walled with stone, and fitted with three strong rings of iron for the security of prisoners, one of whom—Richard Grafton—has recorded his name upon the walls. On the water-side, the gate-house is connected by a long brick wall with the Lollards' Tower. Above this wall may be seen the noble old hall (now converted into a library) built by Archbishop Juxon in the reign of Charles II. It is constructed of dark red brick, dressed with stone, and having a series of bold buttresses. The lantern which surmounts the centre of the roof is crowned by a vane, upon which is exhibited the arms of the See of Canterbury, impaled with those of Archbishop Juxon, and crowned with the mitre of the See. This noble hall has been injured in its effect by its conversion into a library, the bookcases crowding the walls, and projecting too far forward. It was first adapted to this use in 1830. The library contains many valuable manuscripts and early printed books. It is 93 feet in length, and 50 feet in height. The Lollards' Tower is faced with stone towards the river, and still bears on that side the arms of Archbishop Chicheley, by whom it was built in 1435; beneath them is an ornamented niche, where a figure of St. Thomas-à-Becket was once placed. The prison is in the small adjoining tower, only to be entered by a steep staircase leading from the larger one.

We cannot here dwell on the interesting associations this venerable palace conjures up in the mind, nor attempt to record the varied impressions that arise from a visit within its ancient walls. For the artist

it abounds with antique “bits;” one of its most picturesque rooms, the “GUARD CHAMBER,” we engrave. It is mentioned by that name as early as 1424, and in it Archbishop Laud held his state on the day of his consecration. The roof is singularly elegant, with oaken ribs richly carved; it was admirably restored in 1832, having been previously hidden by a flat ceiling of plaster. The palace was restored throughout by Archbishop Howley between the years 1828 and 1848. This munifi-



GUARD CHAMBER, LAMBETH PALACE.

cent prelate devoted a large sum to this necessary work of renovation and improvement; he rebuilt the whole of the residential portion in the Tudor style of architecture, at a cost of upwards of £60,000. The garden still preserves a park-like appearance, bounded by large trees. The gardens and grounds cover eighteen acres; but they are now surrounded by houses and factories that deface their beauty and destroy their salubrity.

From Lambeth to the opposite bank is one of the oldest ferries on the river, leading to "the Horseferry Road," which obtains that name from this ancient river-way. Successions of coal and corn wharves now line the banks until we reach the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. This magnificent pile starts up like a glorious giant from the hovels near it. Its history is too well known to require lengthened notice here. Designed and erected by Sir Charles Barry, the buildings cover nearly eight acres of ground. The river front is 940 feet in length; and there are more



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

than 500 apartments in the entire pile, exclusive of official residences, state apartments, and the "Houses" of the senate of England. The eastern or river front has a noble terrace 700 feet in length, and 33 feet in width, lighted at night by a series of lamps on the parapet. It communicates with the retiring rooms used by the members of Parliament, and is an agreeable promenade in summer evenings. The entire face of the building is richly decorated with heraldic sculpture, displaying the

coat-armour of the English sovereigns from the earliest period, with badges and inscriptions. At each end of the terrace are projecting wings, with high towers, surmounted by gilded pinnacles and elaborate sculptured ornament, being the most picturesque features of the entire design. The vast Victoria Tower, seen to the left of our view, which forms the royal entrance from New Palace Yard, is 340 feet in height, and 80 feet square. The clock-tower, at the other extremity of the building, is an imposing erection, second only to this gigantic tower, but more highly enriched by ornament and gilding. The bell within



THE STAR-CHAMBER.

it weighs eight tons, and the clock-face is twice the size of that at St. Paul's. Before the great fire of October 14, 1834, the river-frontage exhibited a strange mixture of old brick and stone buildings, with the stone front of the ancient "Chapel of St. Stephen" in the midst. The Speaker's house and garden were here; and close to the bridge was the old "STAR CHAMBER," rendered memorable by the state prosecutions of Charles I. From this official department issued the numerous levies, forced loans, and royal prosecutions which led to the great civil wars. The building was taken down in 1836. Our engraving is copied from a

drawing made before its demolition. It received its name from the stars painted on its ornamental ceiling.

The OLD HALL of WESTMINSTER now forms the vestibule to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the Law Courts. This noble building was added to the old Royal Palace of the English kings, which once stood on this spot, by William Rufus, and was enlarged, altered, and adapted to its present form at the close of the fourteenth century, by Richard II.



OLD WESTMINSTER HALL.

The roof, formed of Irish oak, and richly carved, is one of the most remarkable pieces of ancient carpentry at present existing.

The noble bridge, "Westminster Bridge," that here crosses the Thames, was built by the eminent engineer, Thomas Page, Esq.

Richmond Terrace, and the houses in "the privy garden," known as Whitehall Gardens (in one of which Sir Robert Peel died), occupy the site, as they partly preserve the name, of the royal gardens and palace which once covered the spot; the latter was destroyed by a fire January,

1698, through the carelessness of a Dutch washerwoman, one of William III.'s servants. It was an inconvenient series of old buildings, all of it that now remains being Inigo Jones's famous banqueting-hall, the only portion ever executed of the great architect's grand design for its entire renovation. The ceiling is decorated with an apotheosis of James I., painted by Rubens while on a visit to the court of Charles I. in the character of ambassador: he was paid £3,000 for his work, and was knighted at Whitehall, February 21, 1630. The painting was "repaired" by Kent in the time of George II., and again by Cipriani at the latter part of the last century; Pennant says the latter artist had £2,000 "for his trouble;" it is to be regretted that either artist was "troubled" on this score, for their labours have overlaid and obliterated the work of the great Fleming. Rubens's masterly sketch for the central compartment of the roof is preserved in our National Gallery. It was purchased in 1842 for £200.

Waterloo Bridge, long celebrated as the finest over the Thames, and praised by Canova as "the noblest bridge in the world," was constructed by Rennie, at the expense of a public company. It cost £400,000; the approaches, &c., making up the sum to nearly a million. Close to the foot of the bridge, on the City side is Somerset House: it is a noble pile, now entirely devoted to government offices. It was built by Sir William Chambers, and is his finest work. The Thames front is 800 feet in length, and is provided with a terrace, supported on arches, 50 feet above the bed of the river, and is the same number of feet in advance of the main walls. Immediately adjoining Somerset House is the modern building, King's College.

Between that place and the Temple there is now nothing of importance to arrest the attention of the voyager.

The fine old garden on the river's bank has been a garden from the days when the chiefs of the White and Red Rose factions plucked their flowers here as badges for their adherents—a scene so vividly rendered in Shakspere's "Henry VI."

Blackfriars Bridge, the third bridge built in London, was erected by Robert Mylne, and opened for general traffic in 1769. Time has, how-

ever, rendered a new bridge necessary, and it is now in progress of erection.

The number of church steeples that now appear above the City wharfs, compared with the few seen farther west, recalls to memory the remark of Sir Roger de Coverley, who argued therefrom on the morality of the two districts. Grandly above all rises ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, the noble work of Sir Christopher Wren, to whose genius we are also indebted for the greater number of the churches whose steeples



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

are so conspicuous. Unfortunately we do not look upon the great metropolitan cathedral as Wren designed it. His first plan did not include the long aisle and side chapels now a part of it, and which are more fitted for the Romish ritual than our own. Wren had determined to omit them, and so to construct the only great Protestant Cathedral; but the Duke of York, afterwards James II., obliged him to alter the design, which caused the great architect many bitter tears. Thus, to gratify the wish of one who sat upon our throne but two short years, and

was then banished for ever, we lost a magnificent idea, peculiarly fitted for us in England. Wren's original design we here engrave. The dome is much more graceful than that we now see completed; the architect made his entire design converge to that grand centre. The wooden model is still in the possession of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's; and such are the grandeur and beauty of its arrangements, within and without, that all who study it must deeply regret to find that Wren's ideas have been so unfortunately rendered inoperative.

The older cathedral, "the great glory" of ancient London, we also



WREN'S ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR ST. PAUL'S.

picture from Hollar's careful view. It shows the steeple entire, before its destruction by lightning in 1561; it was never afterwards restored. In the days of James I. its great state of decay obliged some measures to be adopted to preserve the building. It was patched up in a slovenly manner, and so remained till Charles I. set a vigorous example of restoration, and built the famous portico from the design of Inigo Jones.

The royal example was followed by the noble and wealthy, and in 1643 the renovation was completed at a cost of £100,000. Desecration damaged it in the civil war, and the good work had to be done over again at the Restoration ; but it went on slowly, and the Great Fire completely destroyed the ancient edifice.

Wren furnished a noble plan for the restoration of London after this event. His mode of operation is detailed by his son in his " Parentalia."



OLD ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The City of London is divided into twenty-six wards, each governed by an alderman and one or more deputies ; the mayor is chosen from the aldermen ; he must be a member of one of the twelve great livery companies of merchantmen or traders ; and if he be not a member of any of these companies, he is chosen into one of them. Until recently he had the uncontrolled conservancy of the river Thames and the waters of the Medway, from London Bridge to Rochester down the river, and from

London Bridge to Staines up the river. He held Courts of Conservancy whenever he saw a necessity for them, and had the power of summoning juries in Kent and Middlesex, whose business it was to go on the river in boats to view the state of it, make their presentments, and furnish their report to his lordship.

Immediately after passing Queenhithe, we reach Southwark Bridge ; it was designed by Rennie, and built by a company at a cost of £800,000. It has three cast-iron arches, the span of the central arch being 240 feet,



PARIS GARDEN.

that of each side being 210 feet; the piers and abutments are of stone. It was opened March 22, 1819.

We cross the river to visit the Surrey bank of the Thames, for the most interesting points of its early history are comprised between the two bridges—Blackfriars and Southwark. The Surrey side was “fashionable” in the reign of Elizabeth, the Londoners being ferried across to the places of popular amusement there thickly located. The Blackfriars Road now passes over the site of “PARIS GARDEN,” where bear and bull-baiting rejoiced the citizens, the gala days being usually Sundays.

Near that part of Southwark crossed by the road from the iron bridge, stood that most famous building—THE GLOBE, of which Shakspere was part proprietor, and for which he wrote his greatest plays. Its

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.



aspect will be best understood from our cut, copied from Visscher's map, 1616. Beside it were "the Rose" and "the Hope" playhouses, receiving their titles from the signs or figures painted or sculptured over their doors. Rose Alley and Hope Alley still mark the sites of these theatres: the more celebrated "Globe" is believed to have stood where the iron-works of Messrs. Sheeres are now located, close beside the bridge.

The Globe theatre obtained its name from the figure which was placed over the entrance, and which represented Atlas supporting a large globe, under which was written, "Totus Mundus agit Historionem"—a sentiment the great dramatist has finely worked out in one of his most famous soliloquies.

Shakspere became part proprietor of the theatre soon after it was constructed, in 1593. It was burnt down June 29, 1613.

We meet with no important building until we reach the Fishmongers' Hall, at the foot of London Bridge, which is a modern structure, built on the site of the old hall, in 1831.

We have thus arrived at London Bridge, having been compelled to limit our descriptions to a mere enumeration of the various objects of interest the voyager will encounter on his way.

The various houses from Southwark Bridge to "the turn" leading to Barclay's brewery have nothing to recommend them to notice, but that they stand on the spot where the disreputable "garden-houses" of the Shaksperian era were located, and the "stews" that were rented from the Bishop of Winchester. Amid the wharves close to the river-side may still be traced some of the walls of the bishop's palace, which, with its gardens, occupied a large piece of ground: the old hall was burnt down in 1814; the gardens had been previously built upon.



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

A small creek, called "St. Saviour's Dock," comes nearly up to the principal door of "St. Saviour's," or, as it is sometimes termed, "St. Mary Overy's church," one of the finest edifices on the banks of the Thames, but which has been unfortunately "restored," and partly rebuilt. Thirty years ago it was remarkable for the variety of its antique architecture, all of which has been destroyed: the Lady Chapel at the back would have suffered the same fate, but for the strenuous exertions of the parishioners. It has many curious monuments, the most remarkable being that of the poet Gower, the friend of Chaucer, and the favourite poet of the unfortunate Richard II. Here are also buried Edmund Shakspere, the youngest brother of the immortal William, and his friend

Henslowe, the great theatrical manager; Fletcher, the ally of Beaumont; and, greater than all, Philip Massinger, who died poor, without a mark by which to know his grave, his interment being simply noted in the parish register as that of "a stranger."

A strongly-embattled GATE protected the entrance from Southwark to OLD LONDON BRIDGE in the reign of Elizabeth, and was usually garn-

GATE OLD LONDON BRIDGE.



nished with traitors' heads in "rich abundance," as may be seen in our cut, copied from Visscher's view, in 1579. The bridge was at that period covered with houses, a narrow road passing through arcades beneath them; and they abutted on props over the river on either side. The open spaces on the bridge were few; its general aspect is exhibited in our view, as delineated by Hollar, in 1647. It was proudly spoken of by our ancestors; thus, in the translation of Ortelius, published by J. Shaw, in 1603, he says of the Thames,—"It is beautified with stately palaces, built on the side thereof; moreover, a sumptuous bridge,

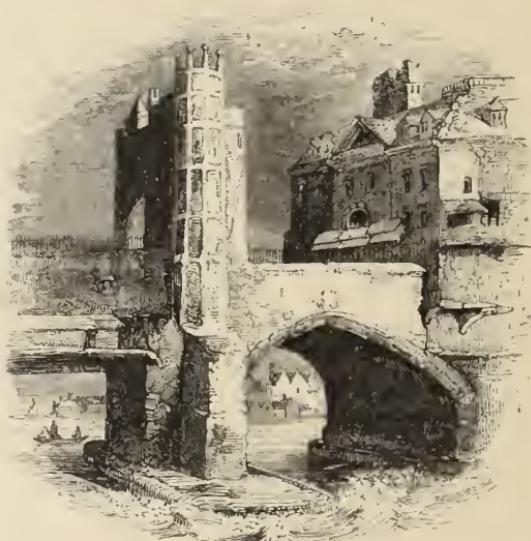
sustayned upon nineteen arches, with excellent and beauteous houses built thereon." Camden, in his great work, the "Britannia," says—"It may worthily carry away the prize from all the bridges in Europe," being "furnished on both sides with passing faire houses, joining one to another in manner of a street." Two of these buildings we may briefly describe: the first of these was a picturesque wooden gate and tower, erected in 1579; the second, a little farther, on the seventh and eighth arches from the Southwark side, was the far-famed "Nonesuch House," a term



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

applied to it from its supposed unique character; it was built entirely of wood, cut and carved in Holland, brought over in pieces, and fastened, when erected on the bridge, with wooden pegs only. The other houses do not demand particular notice; they were allowed to incommod the structure till 1758, when, for considerations of public safety, they were removed. In Scott's view of London Bridge, 1756 (now in the Vernon Gallery), we can trace the ruinous remains of the old Nonesuch House, as well as fragments of the Southwark Gate, and the squalid buildings that were heaped on the ancient structure. The arches were rendered still narrower by protecting them from the wear of water by wooden

"starlings," which may be seen in our cut above. By this means many of them were impassable, and others only afforded passage for very small boats; this contraction produced a fall of water of several feet, and at every change of tide it rushed through with great noise and foaming velocity, carrying boats beyond Billingsgate. Many lives and much property were lost yearly, and ultimately this bridge (erected by Peter of Colechurch in 1209) ceased to be used, after the opening of the new bridge in 1831; soon afterwards it was entirely removed. In the



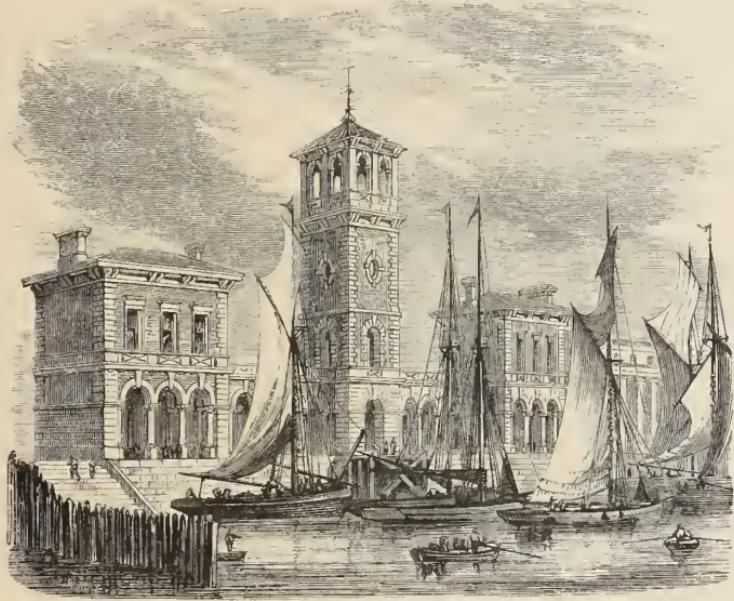
HOUSES ON LONDON BRIDGE, 1756.

process of clearing away the foundations, many antiquities were discovered; it had been the great highway over the Thames from the Roman era, and numerous reliques were obtained, varying in date from that period to our own.

Much of the ancient history of England is connected with this famed old bridge, and it will be for ever associated with all the leading events of "Great London."

We soon arrive at BILLINGSGATE, now a fine and convenient market, but

a few years since a collection of dirty hovels and stalls, disgraceful to a civilised community : it was built and enlarged from the designs of the City architect, Mr. J. B. Bunning, between the years 1849 and 1853. It is a picturesque erection, in the Italian style, of red brick, with stone arcades and dressings. It has been a market from the earliest times, and the toll on fishing-boats is noted in the laws of *Æthelstan*, who died A.D. 940.* It was first made a “free and open market for all sorts of fish,” by an act of William III., bearing date 1699. Opposite the market, in

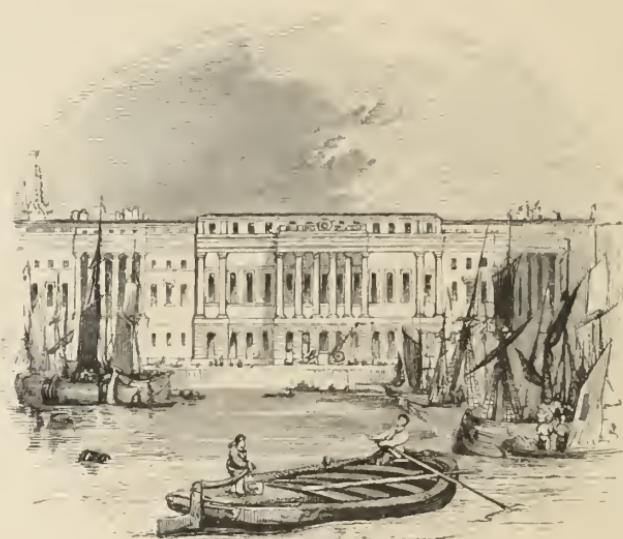


BILLINGSGATE.

Thames Street, is the New Coal Exchange, a noble building, also erected by Mr. Bunning. The circular hall is decorated with figures of fossil plants found in coal strata, and the whole of the ornament is similarly appropriate ; it is surrounded by three tiers of galleries, and lighted by a glass dome.

* The name is said to have been derived from Belin, King of the Britons 400 years before Christ ; but upon no better evidence than that of Geoffrey of Monmouth, which is of not the slightest value : it more probably obtained a name from the spot being owned by some of the old Saxon tribe of Belingas, whose patronymic occurs in other localities.

The long façade of the CUSTOM-HOUSE next attracts the eye, with its noble esplanade, adjoining Billingsgate Market. It is from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, in 1825, the old Custom-house having been destroyed by fire February 12, 1814. The long room is one of the largest in Europe, being 199 feet by 66, and nearly 40 feet in height. Here is transacted the principal business of our enormous London trade,



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

and no more striking picture of the vast importance of our city can be given than this always busy scene presents.

The TOWER OF LONDON is the next great feature on the Thames. The esplanade, now closed to the public, once formed an agreeable promenade. We see from the water the Traitor's Gate, with its round towers at each angle, and the deep stone stairs that led to the prison from the water. This gate exhibits a specimen of the most ancient part of the fortifications, being surrounded by a covered way, and provided with loopholes, by which archers might defend it from external assailants, or harass them within if they obtained entrance. Above it rises the Bloody

Tower, so named from the traditional story of its being the scene of the murder of the young princes, sons of Edward IV. It has no doubt been—

“With many a foul and midnight murder fed.”

Above all rises the square mass of the White Tower, the oldest part of the buildings, and a conspicuous object from many points of the river.



THE TOWER.

It was erected by Gundulph, the clerical architect to the founder, William the Conqueror, and was begun in 1078; the walls are from ten to twelve feet in thickness. It has been occasionally repaired, and the external features somewhat altered by the insertion of windows, and the addition of cupolas in the time of William III.; but it is substantially ancient: the staircases and rooms are all antique. The council-chamber, and the vaulted rooms on the first floor, are of much interest; but the

great feature of the interior is the small CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN, the most perfect piece of Norman architecture the metropolis can show, and which was used for centuries by our ancient kings when the Tower was their chief royal London residence. It is supported by massive round columns, with capitals simply decorated, and has an ambulatory outside them; the end is apsidal, and it is lighted by deeply-recessed, round-headed



CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

windows. It was for a long time used as a repository for records; which have now all been removed.

From the Tower Stairs the view, looking either way, is very striking, the river is crowded with shipping and steamers, and from this point begins that succession of vessels which affords the voyager so grand an idea of the vast trade of the British metropolis. There are, perhaps, few sights in the world more striking—certainly none more calculated to make an Englishman proud of his country. Here are not only the merchantmen of every part of the Queen's dominions, but the ships that bear "to and fro" the wealth of every civilised nation and people. "The Pool of the Thames"—for so is named that portion of our noble river that runs between the Isle of Dogs and the Tower—is truly a grand

and glorious sight; the proudest “station” in the world: where gather vessels of all sizes, of every form and character, from every seaport of the globe.

The Surrey side of the river, from London Bridge to Rotherhithe, is now covered with warehouses and buildings: anciently it was open fields and grazing grounds; it is only in comparatively recent time it has



SHIPS AT TOWER STAIRS.

been densely populated. The Church of St. Olave, with its low square steeple, is first noticed after passing London Bridge; the church at the foot of the bridge on the City side is also dedicated to the same saint.* Near it in olden times stood the mansions of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, of the Prior of Lewes, the Abbots of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and other important personages. Then came an open space, still known

* St. Olave was the first Christian king of Norway, and was martyred by his rebellious subjects A.D. 1030. He assisted King Ethelred, his godfather, in driving the Danes from London and Southwark, coming up the Thames with a strong fleet, and planning the destruction of London Bridge, which thus cut off the two bodies of invaders, and made them an easier victory. The dedication of these two churches, on the scene of his prowess, is generally thought to have originated in gratitude for his timely aid. Tooley Street is a modern corruption of St. Olave's Street.

by its old name, Horslydown, where the parish butts were set up for archery in the days of Henry VIII.; a mill belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was close by the river-side, and the large monastery of Bermondsey at about half a mile distant from it. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century building commenced in this quarter; it has increased until Rotherhithe has been joined to Southwark by streets.

Rotherhithe is a town of very ancient foundation, and some etymologists derive its name from two Saxon words, signifying "the Sailor's



ROTHERHITHE CHURCH: TUNNEL PIER.

Haven." It was originally part of the royal manor of Bermondsey, and the residence of some of our early kings. Edward III. here fitted out one of his fleets. It is now chiefly remarkable for the Commercial Docks, which are said to occupy the trenches first cut by Canute in the eleventh century, and which extended to Battersea, thus turning Southwark into a sort of island, as a defence against attacks in that quarter.

The docks are five in number, and comprise about sixty acres of water and forty of land, and they have immense granaries near them. Close beside ROTHERHITHE CHURCH is the entrance to the Thames Tunnel, which unites the banks of the river by an underground communication, consisting of a double passage, conjoined by a central arcade lit with gas, with footways on each side for pedestrians, and a carriage-way; but as it would require a very lengthy inclined plane to the mouth of the Tunnel on each side, that part of the scheme has never been carried out: foot passengers descend by a well-staircase. Each archway is about 20 feet in height; the entire width of the Tunnel is 35 feet, and at high water it is 75 feet below the surface. It was planned by the late Sir Isambard Brunel in 1823; and on the 25th of March, 1843, it was first opened to passengers. It is kept open day and night, the toll being one penny; and, on some occasions, a kind of fancy fair has been held in it.

From the Tower to the entry to this Tunnel, at Wapping, the Thames is lined with warehouses, wharves, and docks. Of the latter, the most important are St. Katherine's Docks, in close contiguity to the Tower. They take their name from the old hospital dedicated to St. Katherine, which once stood on this site, and which was founded by Matilda, the wife of King Stephen, A.D. 1148.

The London Docks adjoin St. Katherine's, and have three entrances from the Thames. They were constructed by John Rennie, and opened in 1805. The larger docks can accommodate more than 300 vessels. There is warehouse-room for 220,000 tons of goods, and cellarage for 80,000 pipes of wine. These cellars are one of "the sights" of London, and a "tasting ticket" for wines is a privilege strangers are generally anxious to obtain through merchants who keep stock here.

Wapping, Shadwell, and Limehouse (and the hamlets of Ratcliffe and Poplar) are the parishes in which these docks are situate. Their churches may be seen from the river, but they are comparatively modern, and call for no especial remark. The tower of St. Anne's, Limehouse, is most conspicuously seen where the river widens to the well-known "Pool of the Thames," and is crowded with craft of all kinds—a more striking scene than can be elsewhere viewed between London and

the Nore. The river here sweeps round "Cuckold's Point," where the gates of the Regent's Canal may be seen; those of the City Canal, which cuts across the ISLE OF DOGS to save the circuit made by the river opposite Greenwich; and the ENTRANCE TO THE WEST INDIA DOCKS. These are said to be the largest in the world. They are nearly three times as extensive as the London Docks, and include about 290 acres. The Import Dock, to the north, can accommodate 250 vessels of 300 tons each; and the southern, or Export Dock, can hold 195. They were



ENTRANCE TO THE WEST INDIA DOCKS.

commenced in the year 1800, Jessop being the engineer, and opened two years afterwards. They occupy the whole length of the back of the Isle of Dogs, from Limehouse to Blackwall; their tall warehouses and tiers of ships rise boldly above its level, and form a striking background as we pass them on the Thames. The canal which cuts across it is nearly three quarters of a mile long, with lock-gates at each end 45 feet in width; it is now chiefly used as a dock.

The river bank of the island is generally known as Millwall, a name derived from the embankment, once surmounted by windmills, of which one still remains, and is seen in our engraving.

At Deptford, opposite, we arrive at the first town in Kent. Its name has little altered in the course of ages, so that its original meaning, *deep ford*, may still be traced. This manor was given by William the Conqueror to one of his followers, Gilbert de Maignent, who erected a



ISLE OF DOGS.

castle here. It is chiefly remarkable as the place of residence of Peter the Great, when he lived here to learn the art of ship-building; and as containing the Royal Dockyard, established as early as the time of Henry VIII., and continued with improvements to the present day.

The old church at Deptford is appropriately dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of seafaring men. The tower, of flint and stone, is embattled. In the church is the monument to Captain Edward Fenton, who accompanied Frobisher in his voyages, and was afterwards engaged in the

action with the Spanish Armada. He died 1603. Another monument is to the memory of Peter Pett, master shipwright in the King's Yard here, who died 1662, and who first invented the war-ship known as a frigate. His family had long been distinguished for superior talent in ship-building, and his father, Phineas Pett, built, in 1637, the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the largest ship ever built before, and mounted with



DEPTFORD DOCKYARD.

160 guns. The meetings of the corporation of the Trinity House were originally held in Deptford; the hospital for old mariners still adjoins the church.*

* "The society of the Trinity House, founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., was first established at this place, and incorporated by the name of 'The Master, Warden, and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford, Stroud, in the county of Kent.' This company consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of inferior members, out of whom the elder brethren are elected. Among these are always some of the great officers of state; the remainder are captains either in the royal navy or of merchantmen. This corporation, having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the good government of seamen, and the security of merchantmen on the coasts, is invested with the powers of examining the mathematical classes in

A small river, the Ravensbourne, joins the Thames at Deptford. Rising out of a pure stream on Keston Heath, it pursues its pleasant course,—

“Wanders in Hayes and Bromley, Beckingham vale,
And straggling Lewisham, to where Deptford Bridge
Uprises, in obedience to its flood.”

In the river a little below was placed, as a hospital ship for all nations,



THE OLD DREADNOUGHT.

the *Dreadnought*, which had been famous in many sea-fights of Nelson's

Christ's Hospital: of examining and licensing masters of ships, appointing pilots both for the royal navy and for merchant ships; settling the rates of pilotage; erecting, ordering, and maintaining light-houses, buoys, beacons, and other sea-marks for the better security of ships; granting license to seamen to row on the Thames in time of peace, or when past service; licensing aliens to serve on board English ships; hearing and determining complaints of officers and seamen in the merchant service, subject to an appeal to the Admiralty. The revenue of the company, which arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, &c., and from contingent benefactions, is applied (after defraying the expenses of light-houses, &c.) to the relief of decayed seamen, their widows, and orphans. The members of this corporation enjoy various privileges and immunities. The ancient Hall at Deptford, where their meetings were formerly held, was pulled down about the year 1787, and an elegant building erected for that purpose in London, near the Tower. The arms of this corporation are *argent*, a cross *gules* between four ships of three masts in full sail, proper.”—*Lysons*.

era. It was used for a charitable institution, supported by voluntary contributions, and the old vessel, now broken up, was granted for the purpose to the Seamen's Hospital Society by the Government.

We now arrive at Greenwich: that town has been famous since the days of the Saxons, who named it *Grenewic*, a name it has retained, with very slight alteration, to the present day. Its park is a favourite resort for Londoners; its HOSPITAL the pride of England.

We have been voyaging among the ships of all nations, with huge store-houses, quays, and wharves on either side; the river now, however,



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

widens out, and begins to clear somewhat; the steam-boat has a freer pathway, and may proceed with less hazard of running down some barge or row-boat, of which there seems to the inexperienced eye a peril perpetual, all the way from the Tower, through "the Pool," and in the over-crowded highway that leads from London downwards. A sudden turn brings us within view of Greenwich. Taken from any point of view the Hospital is "a Palace"—beautiful in construction, graceful in all its proportions, as grand and imposing a structure as any nation of

the modern world can show. But it is especially striking when seen as we voyage the Thames, either upwards or downwards ; and dead must be the heart of him who does not share the sentiment—if he cannot repeat the lines—of the poet :—

“Hail ! noblest structure, imaged on the wave !
A nation’s grateful tribute to the brave :
Hail ! blest retreat from war and shipwreck, hail !”

It is not because here many monarchs had their chosen seat, that as a “royal” palace it was famous for centuries—it is not even because it “gave Eliza birth” that we

“Kneel and kiss the consecrated earth ;”

but because here veterans repose after years of tempest and battle—maimed many of them, aged all of them ; they have done their work ; they have earned repose as the right of toil, and honour as the meed of victory. Very recently arrangements have been made by which a large proportion of the veterans who used to harbour here have become “out-pensioners ;” many of them, however, yet traverse these walks, and the glories associated with the Hospital will endure for ever.

The Old Palace at Greenwich, commenced by Duke Humphrey, enlarged by the fourth Edward, added to by Henry VII., embellished by Henry VIII., by whom it was named Placentia, or “the Manor of Pleasance,”* and subsequently a favourite residence of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and the four kings of the Stuarts, and one of the dwellings of the Lord Protector—that is not the palace our brave seamen inhabit as their own “for ever.” The present hospital stands partly on its site, and during the reign of William and Mary it was dedicated to its high and holy purpose—the good and merciful suggestion emanating from the queen. Although principally the work of the architect Wren, it was added to by successive sovereigns, and finally completed by George II.—large sums having been supplied for its “finishing” out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater (in 1715), during the reign

* Henry VIII. made Greenwich, as Lambard says, “a pleasant, perfect, and princely palaice ;” keeping his state here “with great noblenesse and open court,” “with revels, masques, disguisings, and banquets royal.”

of George I.* From these estates, the hospital still derives a revenue, augmented from other sources—a small tax upon all seamen, duties arising from certain lighthouses, market rents in the town, and forfeited and unclaimed prize-money.

At the entrance to the park, fronting it, and immediately behind the hospital, is the NAVAL SCHOOL, where numbers of happy boys may be seen during play-hours. The long colonnade on each side was con-



THE NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

structed for their use in wet weather. The whole was built in 1783, from the designs of "Athenian Stuart." The boys are fully educated for sea-service, and are bound to it for seven years on leaving the school; many sailors have been trained here to fight their country's battles, and afterwards repose upon their laurels, in their old age, close to the scene of their earliest education.

The Observatory at Greenwich occupies the site on which formerly stood "a tower," which tower was "sometimes a habitation for the

* The hospital was opened for the reception of pensioners in the month of January, 1705.

younger branches of the royal family, sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress, sometimes a prison, and sometimes a place of defence." It was founded by Charles II., for the benefit of his "pilots and sailors," "for the purpose of ascertaining the motions of the moon, and the places of the fixed stars, as a means of discovering that great desideratum, the longitude at sea."

The town of Greenwich* is busy, populous, and prosperous; its church contains many interesting monuments; it is, however, comparatively modern, having been consecrated in 1718, occupying the site of a very venerable edifice, the old Church of St. Alphege. Here, as will be supposed, rest many of our naval heroes. There is one object, fronting the palace on the waterside, that will attract the eye of all passers; it is a monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of a young and gallant French officer, Lieutenant Bellott, who died a volunteer in the service of England, the companion and friend of Arctic voyagers.

While at Greenwich, we may visit Blackheath,—"so called, as some think, from the appearance of the soil, or, as others suppose, from its *bleak* situation,"—the picturesque villages of Lewisham and Sydenham, and the venerable mansion of Eltham, concerning which the history of many periods is full. Nor may we pass unnoticed an object seen from many parts of the river, and from the adjacent country, as well as from the heights and house-roofs in and about London, that wonder of the modern world, the Crystal Palace.

On the shore opposite to Greenwich, after passing the extremity of the Isle of Dogs, is Blackwall, famous chiefly for its fertility in producing the tiny fish known as whitebait.

Passing the East India Docks, with another "forest of masts," we reach the estuary of the river Lea; here it enters the Thames, having, after its rise in Leagrave Marsh, near Luton, in Bedfordshire, adorned the lordly demesnes of Luton Hoo, Brocket Hall, and Hatfield, and watered and refreshed Hertford, Ware, Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Walthamstow,

* "Grenewic, or Grenewic, as this place was called by the Saxons, is literally the green village; meaning, perhaps, the village on the green."—*Lysons.*

and Bow. It is “the gulpy Lea, with sedgy tresses,” of Pope; and “the wanton Lea, that oft doth lose its way,” of Spenser.

For a mile, and often more, in breadth, the river Thames in Essex is bordered by a low swampy plain; upon which, however, a range of small hills look down and form an agreeable background; but for beauty of scenery, and those interests which are derived from “history, tradition, and places populous,” we must refer to Kent, which not unjustly claims pre-eminence as “the garden of England.”

We must pass the somewhat distant village of Charlton, with its old



WOOLWICH.

manor-house of the time of James I.—keep in sight, as a most pleasant view, the far-famed Shooter’s Hill—and rest awhile at Woolwich, to visit, if we can and may, the noblest dockyard of the world,—its foundry, its arsenal, its schools, and its barracks.* It is the most ancient of

* Woolwich is, in *Doomsday*, called *Hutwic*, or “the dwelling on a creek of the river. The records of succeeding periods mention it under the title of Wulewick, and afterwards Woolwiche.”

those magazines of our national strength and glory, and has furnished our country with most of its largest ships during the course of several reigns,—from that of Henry VIII., when the big *Harry Grace de Dieu* was launched here, to that of Queen Victoria, when it may be said to have achieved its highest glory.

It is not our purpose to describe Woolwich; to do so would require a volume, and not a page. It is the great school of our artillery—a branch of the service in which officers and men are alike eminent for that educated intelligence which gives the soldier true strength. The Arsenal is one of the chief wonders of England: science has here carried machinery to perfection. The Academy is admirably governed: hence issue the cadets, who obtain rank according to ability and desert. The dockyards give employment to thousands of artisans, shipwrights, and labourers. The war-ships here created bear the flag of England over the waters of every sea and ocean of the world,—

“ Far as the breezes blow, the billows roam,
Survey our empire and behold our home.”

From North Woolwich the DOCKYARD* may best be seen, with its long sea or river wall, extending from Charlton to the lower part of the town; and this surface being covered with sheds, factories, and basins (containing many of our war-steamers, with several ships building of the first class), it assumes a singularly interesting appearance. The river here is also dotted with picturesque hulks, reminding one of olden times and fights long past; they loom large against the departing sunlight, with the dockyard shears rearing up, endeavouring to compete with the great factory funnel for height. In the distance may be seen many of the numerous shipping dropping up the river with the last of the flood-tide.

Greenwich and Woolwich are neighbours. How large a volume of thought is suggested by the union of two such names!

* Visitors are admitted by signing their names in a book at the dockyard gates, and the wonders of the great steam hammer, and the interesting process of boring a cylinder for a steam engine, with the lathes, where metal shavings are cut twenty to thirty feet long, are certainly worth the trouble and expense of “a return ticket” from London.

The extensive marsh land at Plumstead, adjoining Woolwich, is now much used by the Military Academy for gunnery practice of all kinds, for which it is admirably adapted. The Thames partially encircles it, like a bent bow, and the chief roads cut it off from general traffic. It



WOOLWICH DUCKYARD.

is a large tract of grass land, lying by itself in comparative solitude, used as grazing ground, or market gardens.

On the eastern side of the cheering village of ERITH, the Darent contributes its waters to the Thames,—

“The silver Darent, in whose waters clear,
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream;”

it is joined by the Cray, another “faire” river, in the marshes near the Crayford Saw Mills; the former rising near Westerham, the latter near Orpington, in Kent, and both flowing through districts famous in the annals of the kingdom,—majestic mansions, picturesque churches, historic sites, fertile plains, quiet villages, and busy towns—the busiest of

which is Dartford—happily intermixed. The conjoined rivers enter the Thames very near “Long Reach Tavern.”

Our sketch of Erith was taken from the pier, looking up the river; the limited space only represents the few houses nearest the water, with the pretty church and the rising woodland at the back. The sun was passing through a cloud, which cast a shadow over the background,



ERITH.

giving all the near objects that glittering light so peculiar to the water. It is certainly one of the most charming spots on the river.

Nor is the coast opposite, low and uninviting and unhealthy as it seems, without its interest. Here the river Roding pays its tribute to the Thames; the spire of Barking Church is seen in the distance; Dagenham Reach, Hornchurch Marshes, and “the Rands,” indicate the nature of the low-lying fields and sheets of water that skirt the great river’s banks. About Purfleet, however, there is a gradual rise of chalky cliffs, on one of which was placed the standard of England when

our island was threatened by that Spanish invasion which Providence “set at nought.”

Greenhithe and Northfleet follow Erith, as we descend the river on the Kentish side. They are large and populous villages, approaching the size and character of towns. On the high land above the former are modern villa residences, commanding extensive views of the river and the opposite county of Essex. Near it is Stone Church, one of the finest and most interesting of the Kentish churches. It is in the early English style, and abounds with beautiful architectural details. It stands on a commanding eminence, and is clearly seen from the Thames as we



GRAYS CHURCH.

approach Greenhithe. At Northfleet is one of the largest churches of the diocese of Canterbury, possessing some fine old brasses, some ancient oak stalls, and other curious relics of ancient date. The chalk pits, which first appear a little west of Greenhithe, may be best studied at Northfleet.

Between Greenhithe and Northfleet, on the Essex side of the river, stands the lonely CHURCH OF GRAYS, or Grays Thurrock. The river bends round here, and forms a reach known as South Hope. The marshy lands resemble the scenery of Holland; and the numerous ditches, pollards, willows, and groups of cattle, remind the spectator of pictures

that have made the Dutch School of Art famous. This church stands close to the Thames, the marshes being protected from overflow by embankments. It is surrounded by trees, but no house is near it, and its isolation is very striking when approached over the dreary marsh land by which it is environed.

Soon the spires of populous Gravesend come in sight; it is the first port on the river, and directing the eye to the shore opposite, we obtain a view of the time-honoured fort of Tilbury.

The earliest notice of Gravesend occurs in Domesday Book, where it is termed *Gravesham*; but early in the next century it is termed Graves-



GRAVESEND REACH.

hende; the name is probably derived from the *Graaf* (Port-reeve, or Governor's) *ham* (or home). The port is of very ancient date, but its history is not fertile of incident. It has risen into its present importance very rapidly, and increased enormously within the last thirty years. Steamboats and railways have conspired to do this, and the cheapness and quickness of these modes of transit have made Gravesend a favourite place for Londoners to spend their leisure time. The fields in the neighbourhood of the town have been covered with streets, and Windmill Hill with houses; the old mill, however, remains, where a mill has been since the days of Elizabeth, before which time a beacon was placed there to

warn the country—a use for which this hill was well adapted, as it is 179 feet above the level of the river at high-water mark.

In the low lands at Milton is the entrance to the Thames and Medway Canal, which is now only navigable to Higham ; it was continued thence for some miles through a tunnel opening to the Medway opposite Rochester. It is now drained, and used by the North Kent Railway. On the rising ground above the marsh lands we can distinguish Chalk Church, a lonely building in the midst of a few weather-beaten trees ; it is chiefly remarkable for a curious sculpture over its door, representing



CLIFFE CHURCH.

a grotesque figure in a short doublet, holding a flagon of drink, and gazing upward at a still more grotesque figure of a tumbler. It is supposed to commemorate the festivities known as Church Ales, in the olden time—annual feasts of ale and bread, bequeathed by some parishioner as a religious festival, and which was converted into a sort of county fair, or holiday, by the people.

That part of the Thames known to seamen as “the Lower Hope” is formed by the Gravesend and Milton Marshes, and those of Higham and Cliffe, and the Essex shore.

The bold promontory stretching forth on the Kentish shore beyond these marshes is CLIFFE, or Bishop's Clive, as it was anciently termed. The village and church occupy the summit, and the view of the winding of the Thames from Gravesend to the sea is very striking from this point; a long tongue of marsh land is at its foot, which causes an extensive curve in the river. The turn is known as Lower Hope Point, the water beyond as Sea Reach.

The Thames now flows rapidly to the sea, passing between the flat lands of Essex, and the higher, but not more interesting, Kentish shore.



SHEERNESS.

Canvey Island, scarcely to be distinguished from the other lowlands of Essex, is on our left; it comprises about 3,500 acres of pasture land, and is the "Convennos" of Ptolemy and the ancient authors. As Sea Reach is entered—the last grand expanse of its waters—we notice the church and village of Leigh, a port much frequented by hoys and small craft, and used as a depot for lobsters brought from Norway and Scotland; and

a little beyond is the stone, marking the boundary of the jurisdiction of the city of London. We then descrie the rising town of Southend, situated at the debouchment of the river, and which is now united to London by railway, a continuation of that at Tilbury. It is quite possible in little more than an hour to reach this pleasant spot, and it has, therefore, recently become much more largely populated. The houses are in many instances good, and the terrace commands a delightful and extensive view of the sea, the Nore, the Medway, Sheerness, and the



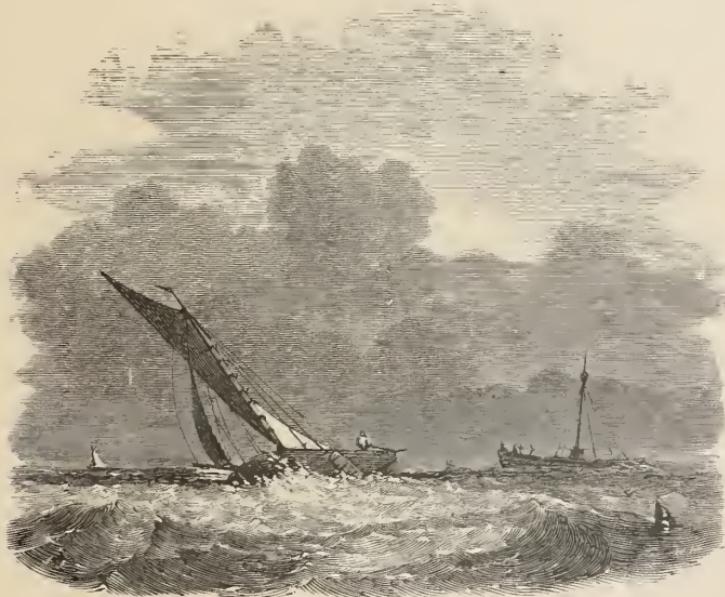
THAMES AND MEDWAY.

ever-varying shipping of all nations so continually crowding the mouth of the Thames.

SHEERNESS, with its important dock-yard, is situated at the mouth of the Medway, and is the principal town in the Isle of Sheppey. It owes its greatness to the dockyard and fort erected there. The fort was established in the reign of Charles II., and due regard was given to its strength after the Dutch ships had entered the Medway. The fortifications were then greatly strengthened, and docks and storehouses were also erected. These occasioned the building of a large town, chiefly for

workmen employed in the dockyard, now one of the most important in the kingdom.

The neighbouring land is particularly low; and a novice in pilotage would hardly notice the junction of the Thames and Medway, surrounded as it is by low lands, were not his attention attracted by the masts of the guard and advanced line-of-battle ships, dockyard sheds, &c., rising above the projecting point that forms the entrance of the Medway. The water here is known as the Nore, and a vessel is moored



NORE LIGHT VESSEL.

in the centre, which bears a light to direct vessels at night, or during fog, into the Thames.

On reaching the NORE LIGHT we arrive at the principal anchorage for ships during the change of tide or wind, previous to advancing up the river. The old red light vessel is associated with many ideas of the best and happiest feelings of the sailor, on his arrival from abroad after a long cruise,—with his sadder sensations, also, upon his final departure from

his native country. It has been the scene of many a wreck, and in the old war time, of many a fight, when French privateers used to lurk about our coasts in foggy weather. In a picturesque point of view it is most striking ; the red sides of the vessel, pitching at her moorings, while the many different craft passing in every direction give variety and contrast.

After passing the Nore, there is one prominent object on the Kentish coast that will attract the attention of the voyager down the river before



THE RECOLVERS.

he reaches the open sea : two somewhat low square towers surmounted by spires, generally known as "THE RECOLVERS," form a well-known sea-mark. They are all that remains of the ancient Church of Reculver, now an insignificant village, but formerly an important Roman station, called *Regulbium*; it is situated about three miles from Herne Bay, and ten from Margate. Owing to the constant encroachment of the sea, the church towers stand at the present time close to the edge of the low

cliffs, and the bones of those interred in the old churchyard may be distinctly seen protruding through the earth by all who resort to the spot. The ancient Roman *castrum* surrounded the church; parts of the walls on the east, south, and west sides are yet to be seen; many Roman antiquities have been discovered here, and imperial coins are even now sometimes found after heavy rains.

The voyager is now on “the open sea:” he has left the Thames, but he is still, so to speak, on the territory of England:

“Far as the breezes blow, the billows roam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!”

The ocean waves that roll around our coast are the fortifications that protect us:

“Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep!”

Here, then, we close our pleasant task, trusting that our readers will be no more weary than we are of records associated with the bountiful and beautiful RIVER THAMES.

THE END.

5







